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THE FALLEN LEAF.—Nature has changed from gold to gray. The last tint of beauty has left the leaf, and by myriads they have fallen into their graves. The earth has become a sepulchre. The multitudinous life she gave forth in summer has returned to her again. Will you let its lesson be received into your heart? Nothing is done in the world of matter that is not symbolical of the world of soul. Every change is typical. Every sign in the heavens is a sign of the times, a sign of all times. God speaks to us from every pulpit. The leaflet budding and withering is a daguerreotype of man. The oldest ages saw this. Homer put it into his verse. Almost his only plaintive touch, almost his only reference to the law of nature as illustrative of man was in his word on the leaf:

"Like leaves on trees the life of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground."

Shall our eyes be less clear of vision in this noonday sun of Christianity than his in that heathenish darkness? Look at that leaf which you so carelessly tread upon, and consider. As carelessly will the coming, nay the come multitudes, tread on you. For those who are now upon the earth shall walk upon your grave. No matter how rich or lofty, the richer the more sure to be trampled upon. For Mount Auburn and Greenwood, and these choicest parks of our chief cities, are most frequented of ramblers. Children will run over your mound. Lovers will saunter around it, admiring not you, hardly the trees and flowers about you, but themselves, and dreaming of immortality in the crowded mart of dead lovers of many generations.

But if the leaf falls, it rises not. Never again does it spring intact from the sod. Never again does it refresh itself in beauty, and wave in vigor, and pulsate with life. It turns to dust. So shall we return to dust. For out of it we were taken. "Return!" cries the solemn voice of God after us. Wheresoever we roam, how far soever we climb, "Return!" The dust shall crumble from us, and through us, and toughest ligament, and hardest bone, no less than the filmiest fibre of skin or nerve, shall all be dusty nothing.

Where will your soul be then? Where it wills to be now. Not where it wishes, but where it wills. The drunkard does not wish delirium, but he wills it. The debauchee does not wish rottenness of the bones, but he wills it. The infidel does not wish damnation, but he wills it. Each prefers his passion of sensation or intellect or volition, with all its consequences, to Christ and holiness and heaven. What is your will? Is it in Christ? Then cultivate his spirit. Be like him, and you shall see him as he is. If not in Christ, then flee to him. The autumn winds whistle about you. A deadlier season blows within. The leaf falleth. You may be resolved to dust before it. Turn to Christ, and you shall rejoice that death cannot touch your soul, and that God will do for you what he will not for the leaf, restore your form in its original likeness, and more than its original beauty and power, never to be dissolved. Accept this life divine, this life eternal. Hear the leaf preach to you from its grave.

"Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition then arrest;
Life the morrow is begun."

THE SOUTH DIVIDED.—For the first time in thirty years the Southern presidential vote is cut in twain. Before, however, seemingly diverse, there was a real unity. Southern Whig, Democrat and American alike acknowledged one master. Any attempt to speak a word against that would have massed all into one phalanx. They were thus always in the Congressional conflicts. To-day they confront each other. South Carolina, Tennessee, Florida, West Virginia, perhaps others, are Republican. They are radically hostile to Georgia and Louisiana and Alabama, though even here the right would have prevailed but for the terror of the rebel rifle. It is especially worthy of praise to see South Carolina leading this returning column. The basest of kingdoms has become the most exalted. She who led her sisters to rebellion is returning clothed and in her right mind. Not those who dragged her out are penitent. They are still the chiefs of "our" hell, full of unchanged and undying malice. But the innocent ones whom they dragged after them in chains of slavery have broken themselves and their State loose from those chains, and are leading her up to her old place in the front rank of the nation. The basest of men have redeemed the basest of kingdoms. How little did the slaveocracy dream when they plunged into secession and drew after them the third part of the stars of heaven, that in the next presidential election but one, their State would be in the hands of their slaves, and casting its vote for the general who should subdue the very rebellion they were organizing. **GOD IS GREAT.**

BISHOP THOMSON closed his lectures before the Boston Theological Seminary last Friday, with a brilliant comparison of true Christianity with other systems in its effects on thought, wealth, order. His course has been greatly commended by all who have attended them, and at its close resolutions were passed by the students, thanking him for the lectures. Rev. Mr. McDonald was also made chairman by the ministers and other listeners, and like resolutions were adopted by them. Both included an invitation to prepare them for the press; and the latter also extended him an invitation to make Boston his residence. It read as follows:

Resolved, That we have listened with great pleasure and profit to the lectures of Bishop Thomson on the Central Ideas of Natural and Revealed Theology; that we esteem them original, elegant, and unanswerable arguments of the truths of the Christian religion. We trust they will be prepared for publication as an important contribution to the settlement of the divisions of the hour on the only foundation that is laid and can be laid,—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We shall be always glad to hear the bishop on these and kindred themes, and cordially invite him to make our city his frequent, and if he can so adjust it, his permanent home.

We earnestly second these opinions and wishes, and hope the bishop, who is so much like a New Englander that it is hard to distinguish him from the true breed, will gratify us by coming to Boston.

MR. SUMNER FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.—We had the honor of nominating Mr. Phillips for this position in Gen. Grant's Cabinet. But as that is too much to hope for yet, we abate our wish a jot or tittle, though hardly that, in advocating the name that arises to many lips, as the one best suited of all in the country for that position, Charles Sumner. The first Secretary should come from the East, and no man in the party, East or West, has his capacity or merits. Sympathizing with the broadest foreign policy, having equally wide views of American annexation, experienced as chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations in all international questions, he has the first qualifications for the post. But especially is he needed for his position on our home affairs. His policy has always steadily won its way to success. He understands our whole trouble, and just how to heal it. He is as placable as Seward, and as rigid as Butler. He will give the best advice in the settlement of our nation on the basis of eternal right. President Grant must pass by Mr. Sumner, if he selects any other man. He is as clearly set apart for it in the public mind as was Mr. Seward for the same place at Mr. Lincoln's election. Vice President Colfax, Mr. Wilson and others, who were first to see

and strongest to support the cause of Grant, should see to it that the Cabinet makes this beginning. The country will be uneasy over any other nomination. It will settle down in complete confidence in the coming administration if Charles Sumner is Secretary of State.

ONE good thing the Episcopal Convention did, which our General Conference declined to do. It forbid its ministers from marrying persons divorced for any other than the sole scriptural reason. It is time that the church spoke out on the subject of divorce. Members and ministers of our church, and all churches are living, according to Christ, in concubinage. The facility of divorce is used for every breach of affection, for every whim of desire, and the parties thus sundered have no more scruple about marrying than if they had never been married; nay, they seem to have less. One man, infamous for his brutal massacre of the women and children of Indians then fighting for us, was married to his own daughter-in-law, and is now the father of his own grandchildren. Such looseness will yet fill the land with lust and crime. We rejoice that the Episcopal Church had the courage to meet this question in the right way.

GOOD IDEA.—To utilize presiding elders *The Christian Advocate* suggests their being converted into home-missionaries, to "devote themselves especially to that part of the field which admits of enlargement and more thorough occupation and cultivation," and to preach in those waste places where the people have no preaching, rather than to congregations already supplied with pastors, where, whenever the elder comes, one preacher must sit idly by, when both might be profitably engaged in waking up sinners or warming up saints. The quarterly visits of presiding elders shut off fifty thousand sermons a year in these United States that some destitute regions might have the benefit of. If they do not do this, they could send these preachers on such occasions to these new places.

VAIN BOASTING.—*The Era* boasts they had the amen before the Methodists. The sort of "amen" they use they certainly had. For they employ it only in digging a trench about the table of the Lord and filling it full of water. If their "amens" would bring down fire from heaven and lick up the water, we would acknowledge them of the Methodist and scriptural sort. As it is we fear they are as unsavory with God as with man. Unbrotherliness is no part of the "amen" of Christ.

HOW COLLEGES ARE MADE.—Rev. Dr. Coggeshall gave a very suggestive fact at the Convention. When Increase Mather, the father of all American Doctors of Divinity,—what a flock of children he has!—was President of Harvard, and pastor of the Second Church, located where the Hanover St. church now is, he stated that of the sixty students in the college, sixteen were members of his own congregation. If like numbers should go from our churches in this city and vicinity they alone would make a flourishing college. And they would go. They do from the Unitarian churches to Harvard. Had we one as near we should see it as popular. It teaches the lesson all colleges have learned, that two hundred years ago, as to-day, near patronage is by far larger than remote. It is the short and not the long routes that pay the railroads and the universities.

PROHIBITIONISTS won the election by large majorities. They have thirty out of forty of the Senators, and two thirds of the house. The good law will be again restored. A prohibition Governor, Senate and House of Representatives, ensures that result. Massachusetts will again take her place by the side of Maine, this time never to abandon the contest till all the States rejoice in this most excellent and most useful blessing. Let the people prepare to pour in petitions by the thousands.

FADED LEAVES.

BY MRS. BISHOP THOMSON.

Hark! to the funeral knell,
Solemn, and deep, and slow,
Of the beautiful Summer gone,
Down to her grave so low.

List! to the Autumn wind,
As it sad and sorrowing grieves
Over the pale, dead flowers,
And over the faded leaves.

Beautiful, fragile leaves,
Of summer the joy and pride,
As a fair and vanishing dream,
They brightened, then drooped, and died.

Out from the stricken trees,
Softly they rustle down,
Clad in their burial robes
Of scarlet and amber and brown.

Scattered along the ground,
Or lying, a withering heap,
Or, drifting over the mound,
Were sweetly our loved ones sleep.

Never, ah, never again,
In beauty and grace to unfold,
To flutter and laugh in the air,
And flash in the sunshine's gold.

And never, never again,
To quiver and thrill as when stirred
By the musical song of the brook,
And the melody sweet of the bird.

The dust that covers our loved,
Filling our souls with grief,
Thy portion too soon will be,
Beautiful, perishing leaf.

But thou from the mouldering tomb,
Shalt never again arise,
While our loved will brighten and bloom
In the beauty and bliss of the skies.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

BY PROF. NEWHALL.

Early on a bright April morning we set out from Naples to make the ascent of Vesuvius. Our route lay over broad smooth pavements, round the curve of the enchanting bay, through the town of Portici, over the grave of Herculaneum to the little village of Ressini, where the ascent commences. The moment that we stopped, a swarm of dirty men, women and children settled on and around our carriage like bees. A dozen dirty hands, of all sizes and all degrees of filthiness, were thrust into the vehicle; a dozen wo-begone faces huddled up around the doors, some withered, toothless, mumbbling and trembling; others just peeping up through the spokes of the wheels, and a dozen or more whining faces, pitched in every key of entreaty, begged for a half *bajocco*. Surrounding and mingled in with these were noisy and vociferating fellows, brandishing canes at us in a way that looked alarming till we found them to be peddlers advertising their wares; then there was another company with saddled horses to let, and another pressing on us their services as porters, and all were screaming, jostling and pulling together, yet all were good-natured, and even the dirty beggars were jolly when they got through with their professional whine, whether anything was given to them or not. Italian carriage and donkey drivers are the most pertinacious of the species. They cannot at all comprehend that a traveler should prefer walking to riding, and the moment that he alights on the platform half a dozen carriages and a dozen donkeys form around him in a hollow square, and if he is determined to walk, act as his escort through the streets to his hotel.

But we soon shook off the greater part of this crowd by engaging a regularly licensed guide, duly badged and uniformed, who provided us with a porter to carry our provision basket, and furnished a saddled horse for each. Our troubles had not however wholly ended, for half a dozen fellows with sticks insisted on holding our horses by the tail, and cudgeling the sorry-looking brutes in the rear. They dropped off, however, one by one, upon our repeated and solemn assurance that they should not receive a *soldo* for their services.

At the time of our visit the mountain was not in a state of intense activity. It lay drowsily smoking before us, every few minutes casting up a volley of stones into the air. By night, looking on the mountain from the streets or house-tops of Naples, we had seen these stones shoot into the heavens like rockets, while the red lava stream slowly flowed from the crater, at every fresh burst casting a fiery glare upon the blackened sky. By daylight, however, no fiery appearance was visible from the base of the mountain.

Our ascent began through beautiful groves of orange and lemon, which hung their bright green leaves and golden fruit over the orchard walls. Soon we came to vineyards, fenced in by walls of lava, where peasant girls were trimming and training the vines; pretty little cottages, built of lava and pumice, snugly nestled

on this mountain-monster's breast, humble homes at whose doors happy mothers sang, and dark-eyed children played and prattled, where at any moment the cinder-storm or lava torrent may shrivel their homes to ashes, or bury them in a fiery grave. In perhaps an hour we came up to the blackened track made by the great eruption of 1857, and over this great lava deposit our road for a long distance lay.

It was a scene of appalling desolation. The lava that at that time had poured in rivers down the mountain flanks, consuming every living thing and devouring every vestige of soil in its path, now hardened and ridged, stretches its long black fingers into the beautiful valleys below, as with a fierce and cruel clutch at the gardens and cottages and vineyards that belt the base of the mountain with beauty and life. It covers acre after acre, and mile after mile with a black and hideous pall, wrinkled into sombre hills and valleys, twisted and gnarled into a thousand fearful and fantastic shapes, such as no pen can describe, but which suggest manifold images of terror to the most sluggish imagination. Sometimes it covers acres with fragments, large and small, hard, angular and sharp, which cut the feet like pieces of broken glass. Sometimes it spreads out smooth and solid like an iron pavement, on which the horse-hoof rings at every step. Again it is knotted and gnarled in gigantic folds and coils, as if a blackened forest had been upturned by the roots. It is twisted into serpents, coiled into dragons, it stretches out into vast monsters of a thousand fearful and fanciful shapes as if chaos itself had spawned her brood over this dreadful desert. And among these monstrous shapes, over hills and valleys of them we climb, till little puffs of smoke and steam rise with a sulphurous smell from the crevices right, left and beneath, while the air above the wide blackened wilderness around is seen to shudder as over a furnace.

Yet at every little rise in the path, when our eyes were lifted up from the hideous desert around us, we saw one of the loveliest landscapes in this lovely land, for the Bay of Naples lay before us in all its indescribable charms. The blue waters, studded with dazzling sails, flashed around the rocky islets and broke in long curves upon the beach. The white villages shone brightly in the green setting of the vine-clad slopes and hills, and here and there blue round lakes showed where ancient volcanoes once gaped with fiery mouths.

In due time we arrived at the Hermitage, dismounted, and refreshed ourselves for the real work of the ascent. An half hour's ride farther brought us to the base of the cone where the horses are left. This is the cone that was thrown up in the great eruption that gave the mountain its present form, the eruption that in the year 79 destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. This cone I had often heard described, but never before had an adequate idea of its location. Previous to the year 79 Vesuvius is described by the Roman historians as a truncated cone, 30 miles in circumference at its base, and with a vast hollow in its summit, a rocky cavity with fragments of scoria in its sides, clothed with wild vines, and perhaps also with trees. The ancient geographers, from the resemblance of this hollow to the crater of *Etna*, concluded that Vesuvius had once been a volcano. This cavity was several miles in extent, ample enough to accommodate the army of Spartacus, which encamped here 70, B. C. The great eruption which took place in the year 79, the first of which there is any historic record, broke down the greater part of the walls of this ancient crater, leaving a semi-circular ridge, some two miles in extent, which forms the present Mount Somma, and throwing up the great cone so often described by travelers. This cone is composed of black ashes and fragments of lava, very steep, giving the traveler an hour's hard climb. At its summit, when an eruption takes place, a small cone is thrown up, which is called the eruptive cone. This eruptive cone falls back again when the eruption subsides, leaving a tunnel-shaped cavity where it rose. The eruptive cone varies in height from one to six hundred feet. Thus the mountain is several hundred feet higher when in activity than when in repose.

Up the great cone we now climbed. It is a hard ascent, as the feet constantly slip in the black ashes, and the boots and hands are cut by the sharp lava fragments, the progress often being almost on all fours. Here were another set of men offering to help us up by the aid of straps fastened round the waist, or held in the hand. Ladies are often carried up in a *char*, a sort of sedan borne by two or three men. As we commenced the ascent a cloud enveloped the summit, and soon a violent hail storm beat in our faces, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and loud crashes of thunder. In about half an hour, however, the cloud lifted, showing the distant mountain wall along the horizon behind us, whose snowy summits flashed gloriously in the sun, while a beautiful rainbow hung between us and the ad-

jacent Mount Somma. Never have I seen such a combination in a landscape; the smoking, belching mountain above, flinging its volleys of red hot stones in the air; its vast black bosom trembling beneath our feet; the brown flank of Mount Somma close behind us, its gullied sides streaked with hail, seen through the hanging rainbow, and far away, through the rifts of the retiring thunder-cloud, the dazzling snowy peaks.

In a little more than an hour we were at the summit of the great cone, and at the base of the smaller and much steeper cone thrown up by the present eruption. We now stood upon a crust of lava which had flowed from the craters but a few days before. It was cracked into fissures on the surface, and through them we saw the glowing mass beneath, a river of liquid fire into which we thrust our sticks, at which the smokers of our party lighted their pipes and cigars, and at which the guides offered to roast eggs. Peddlers came around us with oranges, eggs and wine, inviting us to lunch within the crater of the volcano. Fumes of sulphur rose plentifully from holes and cracks around us, and the black rocks were beautifully encrusted with the yellow and orange crystals. Our position was entirely safe, for the stones that flew from the summit every few minutes, from one to two or three hundred feet into the air, although they rattled down the steep sides of the smaller cone that rose before us, did not reach the spot where we stood. Our guide had been careful to lead us to the windward of the eruptive cone, so that the suffocating sulphur fumes were borne away from our position. In fact our position seemed so entirely safe, that some of us missed the spice of danger that usually somewhat flavors such an excursion, and proposed ascending the smaller cone. To this our guide most earnestly objected, but curiosity at last overcame our prudence, and four of us started on the ascent. It was much steeper than the great cone, and composed of finer materials; so that we sank to our knees, and slipped back at every step. Our guide followed when he saw that we were resolute, but his earnest entreaties, poured forth in those high, touching semitones so peculiar to Italy, made us more than once pause and waver. He directed us, however, where the lava fragments were coarser, so that we could get a better foothold, and in less than half an hour we found ourselves on the lip of the cavity from which the stones flew. No lava was issuing from this point, so that we found no caldron of melted rock, but simply a deep conical-shaped cavity, whose bottom and sides were lined with stones. Once in three or four minutes there was an explosion; a cloud of black smoke and sulphurous fumes burst up from below, and in fact the whole bottom of the cavity rose up bodily towards us, a great number of the stones around the centre or axis of the cavity being shot to a great height above our heads, many of them dropping back into the hole, and many rattling down the sides of the cone. We saw no very large stones actually flying in the air, none larger than a man's head, although we passed one that had been flung down the great cone so large that our whole party might have sat down to lunch in its shadow.

Meanwhile our guide, who stood with us on the brink, ceased not to urge our immediate return, earnestly warning us, as near as we could understand by the aid of his passionate gestures, that the spot where we stood might at any moment slide into the abyss, or be overwhelmed by a shower of stones. But our ignorance of the real peril of our position, joined with a distrust, which may be carried too far, of all statements made by Italians, made us linger, and even to contemplate venturing along the shelving edge of the cavity, in order to obtain a better view. While consulting on the matter, one of our party started off a few paces along the lip of the abyss. The guide cried after him and to us in an agony of entreaty, and, turning at his cry, we saw the poor Italian cross himself, sinking on his knee, and casting his eyes to heaven in a perfect paroxysm of prayer, "Jesu! Maria!" bursting from his lips. This was too much, and we all rushed down the cone, yet with a vague suspicion that we had been needlessly scared. Our suspicions were soon set at rest, however, for we had hardly left the spot when we heard a loud explosion behind us. "See," shouted the guide; and turning, we saw a shower of red hot stones drop on the very place where we had been standing less than two minutes before.

As we descended the mountain the glorious bay lay before us in all the soft and fairy-like charms of an Italian sunset. The purple islands swam in a sea of dazzling silver, which changed through manifold gorgeous hues to liquid gold. The long curved lines of heaving water, which broke in on the beach in emerald and snow, the white villages that stood as gravestones of the long-lost cities buried beneath them, flashed back the long rays of the sunset light. The snowy Apennines glowed like coals, and then smouldered away in the ashes of the dying day.

"PAST AND FUTURE."

BY S. ADAMS WIGGIN.

What is the past but dreams of night and gloom,
The grave wherein our earthly hopes entombed lie,
The mournful blighting of the fairest flowers
That blossomed in our path, so full of life's unrest.
O dreadful past! the record of our sinful deeds
Is written on thy living scrolls with pen and flame.
We never can forget; our saddened hearts refuse
To bury their own dead from out our shudd'ring sight.
O wretched past! we think on thy recorded shame,
Until our trembling lips are white with torture keen,
And every sense within us throbs with anguish wild.
Our eyes drop soul-wrung tears of sorrow! deep within,
The spirit's inner fane we mourn the bitter, bitter past;
O God! in thy great love and mercy do we trust;
No other hope, no other help we ask, but Thee.
In thy strong arms our spirits are upborne,
And through thy mercy live, the life renewed in Christ.
His blessed hands poured out the oil and wine,
Received us into his fair house of love supreme,
Bound up the wounds. He cheered the weary heart,
Laid us on his own spotless couch, and softly breathed
The sweetest words on earth to man, "Thy sins are all for-
given."

No more the dreadful past! 'Tis blotted out with tears
And blood He shed for thee on Calvary's night of pain.
Live for the present, with the end in view,
Work in his vineyard, tell to all the world
That Christ hath power to forgive, and raise
The dead in sin to all the life of God.
O gloomy, gloomy past, we will not look to thee,
But rather turn our tearful eyes toward the future good.
We know in whom we have believed, and trust
Our future to the loving Christ that healed
Our broken hearts, and soothed the aching wound,
Who whispered hope and joy when all was clouds of night,
Sweet hope in Christ that robs the lonely grave
Of every horror, every doubt and fear.
So that, we coming to the stream of Death,
Press lightly its cool waves with eager feet
To gain the other shore, to clasp the spotless hands
Of loving friends that shine in white array.
O blessed hope, O gleam of perfect peace,
What where our life, our joys, our deeds of love
Without thy holy influence strong and pure,
Spanning our sinful past to sinless days of rest
Within the happy gates of our immortal home,
Lifting the future star-light clouds of night.
To usher in the glorious heavenly light
Of God's eternal day of rest and love supreme.

LETTERS

Now published for the first time in America, copied from the originals, with notices of the writers.

BY SAMUEL DUNN.

GRANVILLE SHARP TO WESLEY.

Dec. 20, 1773.

REV. SIR:—I have perused with great satisfaction your little tract against slavery, and am far from thinking that any alteration is necessary. You have very judiciously brought together and digested under proper heads of evidences against that abominable oppression some of the principal facts cited by my friend Mr. Benezet and others, which you corroborate with some circumstances within your own knowledge, and have very sensibly drawn up the sum of the whole argument into a small compass, which infinitely increases the power and effect of it, like light collected in a focus. And that it may be as sensibly felt with a living flame by those who inconsiderately oppose themselves, is the sincere wish of, Rev. sir, your obedient and obliged servant,

GRANVILLE SHARP.

GRANVILLE SHARP TO ADAM CLARKE.

Garden-court, Temple, Jan. 23, 1813.

DEAR SIR:—Do not abandon your former design of publishing a new edition of the Polyglot Bible. Though you got this intended work "transferred to some of the Bishops, that it might appear to emanate from them alone," do not suppose that the majority of them will not be inclined to encourage so important a work. I have no doubt but that the Bishop of Durham, and the Bishop of St. David's, will subscribe when the work is mentioned to them, which I will do when I have an opportunity. And besides, I conceive that it is the duty of the Bible Society to subscribe for seven sets of them, not only to be placed in their own library, but also in the library at Calcutta, and other public libraries elsewhere. I have great satisfaction in your approbation of my remarks on Matt. xvi. 18. I remain, with sincere esteem, dear sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

GRANVILLE SHARP.

Granville Sharp was the ninth and youngest son of Dr. Thomas Sharp, Prebendary of the cathedral and collegiate churches of York, Durham and Southwell, and grandson of Archbishop Sharp. He was born at Durham, Nov. 10, 1735. During his apprenticeship on Tower-hill, London, in a linen warehouse, he diligently studied the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages. While there he often witnessed the hardships which slaves had to undergo on board ships which came to London, and his sympathies were so fully enlisted on

their behalf that in after life he devoted his time, and much of his fortune, with unwearied diligence, to procure the abolition of slavery, and he lived to establish for the negro race the long-disputed rights of human nature. He was among the foremost of the honorable band associated to deliver Africa from the rapacity of Europe; and he lived to witness the abolition of the slave trade by an act of the British Parliament in 1807. He published some able works on Biblical and Philosophical criticism, and took the most lively interest in the British and Foreign Bible Society. He peacefully resigned his spirit into the hands of his Creator, July 6, 1813, at his residence at Fulham, in his seventy-eighth year. His monument is in Westminster Abbey.

BISHOP CHANDLER TO DR. SHARP.

Aug. 9, 1744.

MR. ARCHDEACON:—Your relation of the proceedings of the Methodists with Mr. Nailor's letter gives me much satisfaction. I believe this sect will crumble into nothing. Yesterday, to my surprise, Mr. John Wesley sent me a new book of his, in 12mo, called an "Extract of his Journal from Nov. 1, 1739 to September 3, 1741." I know not whether it is yet publicly sold. It is writ against the Moravian Brethren who have drawn off above half of his disciples in London. He charges them with being unsound in their notion of faith, with Antinomianism, with Pietism, and a contempt of Gospel means and ordinances; with ascribing all the power of the new birth to constitutions that proceeded from animal spirits and imagination; with using guile to deceive hearers, and describing things beyond the truth. In short, with doing very little good and much hurt in England. I am so far of his mind; but he could not see it until part of his flock was drawn off by them. And indeed, page 11 and 12, he supports tenets that fall little short of the Moravians, in his exposition of Rom. xiv. 17, where he affirms religion does not properly consist in *being harmless*,—honest, just, and fair in his dealings, in using the means of grace, and doing much good—but *joy in the Holy Ghost*. The Bishop of London, Dr. Gibson, was with me at the receipt of your letter, and I read that part of it to him wherein the Methodists were concerned. I am, good sir, your affectionate brother,

E. DURHAM.

Dr. Chandler was consecrated Bishop of Durham, 1730, where he remained till he died, in 1750. He published a "Defense of Christianity" against the infidel Collins. Sharp was a younger son of the eminent Archbishop Sharp, of York, the benevolent friend of Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth. He was born 1693, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, ordained priest in 1716, and married a daughter of Sir George Wheeler. He was the father of Granville Sharp, and died in Durham, March 16, 1758. Soon after the rise of Methodism, Wesley and his followers caused Sharp, then Archdeacon of Northumberland and Prebendary of Durham, so much uneasiness, that he applied to his diocesan for advice how to proceed against them. Bishop Chandler cheered him with the prediction that *Methodism would soon crumble into nothing*. About one hundred and twenty-three years have passed since the above letter was written, and Methodism is seen planted and flourishing in the four quarters of the globe and in the isles of the sea.

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Siu's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

THE DIVINE IN ART.

I rejoice to recognize, not so much human genius, taste, and culture, as the divine inspiration in art. Not alone in mountain, waterfall, lake, and river has God wrought. We see him no less in dome and pillar, frieze and cornice, in forms of beauty that grew under the patient toil of artists who built, and painted, and chiseled far better than they knew, and have left for the ages copies of thoughts and visions immeasurably exceeding the models before them,—an ideal perfectness and beauty which had no earthly prototypes. Moreover, as the divine inspiration, attested by miracle, and made availing for the religious culture of mankind, had its peculiar epochs not to be repeated, so is it with the *gifts*—I use the word significantly—which creates pre-eminence in the arts. And I think we can see why it was fitting that such gifts should have been conferred on ruder ages than ours. The more advanced stages of progress can be best realized by the agency of the voice and the pen; while in earlier periods, grand and beautiful forms, vast cathedrals, marble glowing with the Promethean fire, pictures that were gospels for men's faith and reverence, had the very same mission which now belongs to the written and spoken word. These master-works of art were God's ministers for intenerating the rude hearts of fierce and wild men; for bowing in adoration the stubborn necks and stiff knees which no inferior power could have bent; for shaping the gentler virtues; for infusing the amenities and charities of domestic and social life; for nourishing the very faith which no longer needs, but perhaps too rudely spurns their aid.

I cannot here separate the divine from the human; and if we praise God in those heights and depths of infinite power and wisdom in which he has wrought alone, all the more should we praise him in and for the great creators, whose genius was kindled by His own breath, whose archetypes lay in the treasury of His own beautifying spirit, whose work was wrought in patterns shown them from above.

Most of all have I felt the presence of this divine element in the great pictures that are shrines of pilgrimage for travelers from the whole civilized world. Their mission is all Godward and Christward. I spoke of them as gospels, and they do rehearse to their beholders now their several portions of the Redeemer's life and aspects of his character, with a vividness and power which words cannot approach. But if they are fresh evangelists, with a vivifying force else unexperienced, to those who have always had the sacred record in their hands, what must they have been when the Scriptures were a sealed book to the multitude, and the redemption story was published only through these wonderful creations? It is worthy of our grateful acknowledgment that the inspiration of art runs parallel with revelation, and culminates in the great moments of sacred history, so that the highest office of human genius has been the interpretation of the Divine Word,—of the Word that "was made flesh, and dwelt among men."—Peabody's *Reminiscences of Travel*.

AUTUMN.

The long lighted days begin to shrink,
And flowers are thin in mead among
The late-shooting grass, that shines along
Brook upon brook, and brink by brink.

The wheat, that was lately rustling thick,
Is now up in mows that still are new;
All yellow before the sky of blue,
Tip after tip, and rick by rick.

No starlings arise in flock on wing;
The cuckoo has still'd his woodland sound,
The swallow no longer wheels around,
Dip after dip, and swing by swing.

While shooters are roving around the knoll,
By wind-driven leaves on quiv'ring grass,
Or down where the sky-blue waters pass,
Fall after fall, and shoal by shoal;

Their brown-dappled pointers nimble trot
By russet-bough'd trees, while gun-smoke grey
Dissolves in the air of sunny day;
Reef upon reef, at shot by shot.

While now I can walk a dusty mile,
I'll take me a day while days are clear,
To find a few friends that still are dear
Face upon face, and smile by smile.

—From Barnes' *Rural Poems in the Press of Roberts Bros.***ONLY JESUS.**

I heard the experience of a converted Catholic lady, which should be published throughout the land. Bitterly opposed by her parents, she was compelled to attend our church without their knowledge, where she found peace to her troubled soul. On the day of her conversion her mother had followed her to the church with the intention of compelling her to return home, but as she entered the house of God the congregation were singing,

"Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide."

When the poor penitent said: "Jesus hides me, my mother can't find me." And the Saviour did hide her beneath his protecting wings, and to-day she is a shining light. Her description of the confessional was remarkable. She had often gone and confessed, but did not feel that she was a sinner, and when the priest said, "Your sins be forgiven you," she knew they were not, because she did not feel that they were. She could not have faith in the Virgin Mary, for she felt the "Mother of God" could not save her, but when Christ was revealed to her understanding her faith saved her. I have never before felt so forcibly that the poor Papists are *not saved*, and that they have devotion without godliness. They confess but are not penitent; they worship but know not whom; they trust in Mary but not in her Son, Jesus Christ. How can such be saved? Will God wink at their ignorance? Are they not rather like other sinners, called to the same conditions and appointed to be judged by the same laws?—Dr. Newman.

THE DANCE.

What a strange thing this dancing is, after all, when you look at it from a philosophical, or if you please, unsophisticated point of view. The other day Insulanus asked a lady how it came to pass that the entrance upon the floor of the ball-room made such a wonderful change in the usual manners and habits. She asked him what he meant, as she did not understand. He asked her, Suppose I introduce you to a friend of mine, a stranger, and he would not only take your hand, but put his arm around you, what would you do. You may imagine her look and answer! What would she do? All your lady readers know what they would do, and what the father, husband or brother of such a lady would do. But, said Insulanus, as soon as you enter the room of the "hop" or ball, you permit a perfect stranger, who is introduced to you at the time, not only to take your hand, but to put his arm around your waist, and to sail around the room with you, in the giddy mazes of the dance, and your father, brother and husband think it all right! The lady admitted that she had not exactly looked upon it from that point of view, but gave Insulanus no other information than that things were allowable in the dance which are not so in ordinary life.

How wonderful that delicate ladies can dance from 9 to 12 P. M., square dances and round dances, and wind up with a sherry cobbler, and yet feel too weary to stand up during prayer in church?—Moravian.

THE HOME TABLE.

THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the circling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

A LITTLE GIRL'S KISS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A little more than twenty years ago, when it was quite a rare event for emigrants from Sweden, or any portion of Northern Europe, to come to America, the warm-hearted and pious Swedish missionary, Pastor Hedstrom, of the Bethel ship John Wesley, was walking along the docks, seeking opportunities to do good among foreign sailors, and to invite them to his precious meetings on board the floating chapel, he saw before him as sad a group as he ever met. Father and mother, showing their destitution in their way-worn garments and emaciated faces, and their utter discouragement in their despairing looks, were seated upon a chest, and their little ragged children were crouching near them, apparently crying from hunger. The good pastor thought he could not be mistaken, the group looked so much like a Swedish farmer and his family, but it was so rare an event to meet one from his fatherland that he feared he might be deceived in them. If they were Germans he would find it difficult to converse with them, as he was not familiar with that language. Their pitiful appearance touched his heart, and he first addressed them in English. Great was his pleasure when they responded in their Swedish tongue, that they could not understand English. How the little children laughed outright, and fairly danced about for joy when the dear minister announced himself a Swede, and talked to them in their native language with the kindest possible words! The parents were not less rejoiced, although great care and want made them quiet in the expression of it.

Pastor Hedstrom soon learned their sorrowful story. They were very poor in Sweden,—all the farmers are poor there—but they heard that land could be had almost for the asking in America, and that nobody was poor there. They by and by found courage to attempt to reach "this distant promised land." Their friends all united their small treasures to help them, fitting them out and paying the fare across the Atlantic.

One day they were landed in New York. They could not understand a word uttered around them; they had no friends, and everybody seemed to be too busy about his own concerns to notice the poor strangers; and so their condition was sad enough. A boarding-house was finally obtained, but where was the farm that could be had for the asking? Their money and everything they had brought were soon exhausted in the purchase of food; and here they were upon the dock sighing to return to their old home, but with no means to pay their passage, or even to keep themselves from starving!

The kind missionary bade them follow him with their empty chest to the old ship.

After the children were bathed in clean salt water, dressed in comfortable clothes and fully fed, their faces glowed, the pastor thought, as if they had just stepped out of paradise.

A bed was made for them on the floor of the prayer meeting room after the services were over. In a few weeks arrangements were made to send the family out to the Western prairies, where a friend of the Bethel preacher would receive them. They started upon their long journey, but the farmer's courage failed him when he reached Buffalo. He tried to find work there with only poor success. By sawing wood he earned just food enough to keep them alive. We must remember that he could not speak English, and could only obtain a job by showing his saw. Finally his two youngest little girls were placed in the Alms house, and broken-hearted little creatures they were to be separated from their parents!

About this time, in the providence of God, two ladies from Pennsylvania visiting the city concluded to take a little girl, each of them, from the alms-house to bring up, if they could find those that pleased them. After they had looked around, the matron said to them that there were two foreign little girls that kept by themselves, and were weeping all the time, that she wished might be provided with good homes. The children

were called, and brightened up so pleasantly when kind words were spoken to them that the ladies concluded to take them. After a time one of the little girls sent word to her father about her nice home and the kind mistress she had found, and said she was only unhappy when she thought of her poor father so far away from her. It was not long after, when into the house came the tender-hearted old Swede. He had walked a hundred miles, as he had no money, to see his daughters, and a very tearful and joyful meeting they had together! The wealthy lady who had taken one of the girls, and had become very much interested in her, was drawn also by his fatherly tenderness towards the honest and pious old man. Now came the time of parting, and the lady stood where she could see what happened.

The father kissed the little girl, and then started to go away. "Come back! Come back!" said she, "I must have one more kiss;" and so back he came. When he left again and went a little distance, he turned himself; and this time he said he wanted another kiss. Now there is not a kind-hearted woman in the world that could long stand such a scene as this; and this good woman broke down! She called her husband to look upon it; and she said to him, "a family loving each other so warmly ought not to be separated." Then she proposed, for her heart was now enlisted, that he should give to them a log house he had upon a swampy portion of his large farm, and the fifty acres of land around it, and let them come on and live there. What could a man do under the circumstances but to yield his consent, with the melting sight before his eyes, and the tender tones of his wife in his ears? And that was just what he did! The little girl was called to tell her father the extraordinary news; and such a scene of kissing and smiling and weeping you may readily believe is rarely witnessed in this selfish world!

The good lady had been so thoroughly aroused that down to the log house she went, and had it made as comfortable as possible, and stocked with wholesome provisions. It is very easy to imagine how the little girl felt during the days while her father was gone for the rest of the family, and the house was put in order for them, but it would not be as easy to describe it.

The old Swede was a good farmer, and the low, rich land soon began to smile under his cultivation, and want was no longer a guest at his table. The Bethel preacher in New York was informed of God's kind providence over him; and just at this time a bitter persecution fell upon many of the pious men of Sweden, and they were driven from their native land.

All around the Pennsylvania farmer were rich lands that could be bought for a small price. The devoted and hardy Scandinavians when they landed in New York were directed thither by the missionary whose Christian sympathies were very much moved by the suffering condition of his own people. Several thousands of them settled in the same vicinity, and have been greatly prospered in their new homes. Four or five churches have already been built among them, and Pastor Hedstrom has just returned, full of great joy and hope, from the dedication of a house of worship in the vicinity. All this great and good work, under God, he says, grew out of that little girl's affectionate kiss! Thus it pleases the great Master to bless the small loaves and few fishes, and to make them capable of feeding many thousands.

But let us not forget that all these emigrant families are human, and love each other. Sad enough are they in a strange land, and many of them are exposed to terrible sufferings. Jesus loves to have us show kindness to them, and he says when we do, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

B. K. P.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. Are parlors in the house of God a modern idea?
2. Where in the Bible do we read first of the Orator's platform?
3. Who made the most lofty prayer ever made by a mere man?
4. On what month, (our style) did Solomon begin the temple?
5. How did David know exactly how to make the ark and its furniture?
6. What king did the Hebrews worship?

GENERAL BUTLER'S ELECTION.

The contest ever, General Butler so far, has been more exciting in some respects than that over General Grant. His party has divided over him, and men and journals of character and influence have opposed him. Popular orators have left their own States which were critical, and have been lost perhaps by their desertion, to lift up the standard against him. The whole country has been drawn to this contest. The rebels have watched the battle with malicious delight, and uttered their prayers, which are oaths, for the success of his

enemies. Even good men have been drawn into this position, and, as at Great Bethel, he has suffered more from the firing into his ranks by his own men than by the enemy. All the Boston dailies, except two, three of the leading Boston religious weeklies, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Nation* (New York), *Tribune*, *Times*, and scores of other journals have coldly or warmly given him battle. But his district has bravely resisted these influences, and given him such a vote as it never before bestowed on any candidate, and given his antagonist such a rebuke as no man ever before suffered. The returns show that he leads Mr. Dana by seven to one, that he received over 13,000 and Mr. Dana only 1,800. They show also that no defection of the other party towards him caused this majority, as that party gave its candidate their usual vote, three times that received by the opponent of Gen. Butler.

What was the issue that was fought out so triumphantly? It was not financial. Against him this hue and cry has been chiefly raised. Yet those that raised it never meant anything by it. That was only a cover for the real hostility. It was chiefly the distinction that is ever and will ever be drawn between radicalism and conservatism, "the forward" and the "halt" commands of the army of mankind. Butler and Dana are the constitutional antipodes of each other. Though the last was by far the earliest in the field of anti-slavery reform, he was there from conscience, and not from democratic instinct. Their antagonism is symbolic of the whole conflict.

"Butler," said Lincoln, "is a live man; his friends are always ready to fight for him." He, Butler, makes friends and he makes enemies, who, as if by his own spirit inspired, will fight for him or fight against him to the bitter end. Butler himself stands up for his friends with all the fidelity of a Celtic chieftain; and with equal persistency he follows up his enemies until they cry enough. A single word of regret disarms him; but that word must be spoken.

No man gives greater cause for his friends to stand by him, by his public course, or greater cause, for the same reason, for his enemies to rally round the standard of the opposition. There are no half way measures in his brain, no half way words in his mouth, and there is no half way policy in his career. In the bad old times, when Whigs and Democrats were vying with each other to see which of them would lie down flattest before the Southern oligarchy, Butler could find, as he said, no logical position between Buchanan Democracy and John Brown Republicanism. A lawyer and a man of the world, he was an ultra Democrat. When such an intellect turned, it was inevitable if his change were an honest one, that he should march with the Republican advanced guard. Saul of Tarsus, was a Pharisee of the Pharisees; he, too, in our time would have voted for Jeff. Davis; but after he became a convert, Paul was not a favorite with the Laodiceans,—who were unanimously in favor of the Dana of that era. On all sides it was merely a matter of temperament and native force. As at a railroad accident, "nobody was to blame."

To persons who seek to free their own minds from the tyranny of temperamental bias, Gen. Butler will present abundant opportunities, both to fight for him and against him. None but mental serfs, or uninformed persons, will sanction his whole career. When one watches him in critical periods, standing up, like a lighthouse in the dark and stormy sea of national affairs, and views on every side of him that mass of jelly-fish called Congress, floundering in their unstable element of partisan expediency,—one can hardly refrain from avowing himself a Butler man against every corner and in every circumstance. On the other hand, again, when one hears his shillalah-like rhetoric, one must candidly admit that Butler will never be canonized as a saint, and must earnestly desire that he had less of the manners of a feudal leader; that this steam engine in trousers had a smaller per centage of probability of running off the track.

But if we wait until only saints make our laws, we shall never see a stable government in the United States. We must take men as we find them, and make the best of them. We must strike an average of their public careers. This is the mistake that the Dana men make. Butler may be all wrong in his financial theories; but up to the meeting of the Chicago Convention, the Republican party had no policy on that issue. It was an open question. Butler's friends affirm that he has yielded to that decision; and, in such cases, it is the verdict of the friends and not of the opposition that is accepted by the people. Then, again, if Butler advocated financial theories which the Republican Convention disavowed, Mr. Dana was the leading champion of a political policy which that body quite as enthusiastically repudiated. Butler was the champion of

in impeachment; Dana of the President's tenure of office. How have events judged these rival policies? Dana's policy is seen to have been a ruinous one,—by the lurid light of the torches of the Ku Klux Klan; and its fruits have been the harvest of the mangled corpses of our southern friends. Now by as much a man is more precious than a bond—whether paid in gold or in greenbacks,—just by so much is Butler a statesman and Dana an incompetent public councillor. The people believe that the bonds ought to be paid in gold—and no one will ever dare to reverse this decision; but they have still more emphatically decreed that loyal men shall be protected and traitors disarmed—and Dana's policy has reversed this decision.

"Trustworthiness?" Well, Dana may be a Chesterfield, an admirable Crichton—all in one; he may be in his private life an incarnation, both of Harvard College and of the highest church; but better for these trying times of ours than the polished man who could say, "In a war between the two races I would go with my race," is the hated and abused and fierce leader of the masses who clutched the white rebels by the throat with one hand, and gently lifted up and protected the black loyalists with the other. If the blessings and the prayers of a persecuted people have any influence at the throne of Heaven, they will bring mercy to their steadfast friend, and he may through their prayers be brought into that grace which shall give him the salutation of "well done" when he is called Beyond.

His Election means not fraud or repudiation, but progression. It turns on the negro, as did President Grant's, only Grant's turns on him as he is, Butler's as he is to be. Grant represents the present, Butler the future. Grant preserves order, Butler works out principles under that constable's baton. Grant holds the rebel still, Butler puts the negro into power. Grant, the fighter has become the peace maker. Butler whose skill in arms is little, has assumed the real generalship in this greater and essential warfare of ideas. Grant took Richmond, Butler will take caste. Grant is the president of to-day, Butler of to-morrow. The death of Stevens and the defeat of Ashley give Butler the radical leadership of the House. If Sumner is made Secretary of State, as he will be, if Gen. Grant respects the will of the people that have elected him, Butler will take his chair in the Senate. He has only one rival, Gov. Boutwell, and he to-day would run tens of thousands behind Gen. Butler if their names were submitted to the popular vote. The reception of the General at Faneuil Hall on the night of the election shows this. Such cheers, such waving of handkerchiefs, such an uproar, and so long continued, would have greeted no other man in the country, not even Grant himself. He had been in unjust jeopardy, as he said, and as they knew. The people trust him. He may be a demagogue as is declared, yet their instincts are usually true, and are always so when they act from principle. It is principle that has drawn them to him. His speech that night is the key at once of his popularity and purpose:

The 5th District stands firm upon her platform of principles, equality of right, equality of power, equality of burden of the government, to all men under the government. [Cries of "good" and applause.] On her banner in her hour of triumph as in the beginning of the battle she inscribes equal rights to all men, equal justice to all men, equal power to all men without regard to race or color. [Cheers.]

If he stands here he will be the national leader in the coming battle. It is because his past course is consistent with this, because at Norfolk, at New Orleans, at Bermuda Hundreds, he was faithful to the negro, that he has a place in the affections of the people. He has grave faults, though thus far they consist in charges more than in proofs, but if he is faithful to the negro, God will exalt him. Of great ability and ambition he has laid his gifts and aims on this altar. It is the fight to-morrow; the fight of the South and the North, a fight against iniquitous prejudice, that in the very States which have just gone so largely for Grant, would go more largely against negro suffrage; a fight against this crime that keeps them from the ballot box, from the pulpit, from social equality, from every right that a sensitive soul feels to be dearer than life. If he adheres to his promise made over his dead black soldiers at Petersburg, and devotes himself to the elevation of their race, God will highly exalt him, and all the nation shall do him reverence. The greatest victory of the hour, as we trust the future will show to every eye, is the election of Benjamin Franklin Butler.

THE DISCIPLINE OF 1868.

BY REV. DAVID SHERMAN.

Religious systems have often proceeded, full fledged, from the fertile brain of the founder. These intellectual creations, often cold and angular, have become incarnate by attracting about them congenial elements, very much as a magnet, thrust into a basket of iron filings attaches to itself the metallic particles.

Unlike them, Methodism sprang from the heart instead of the head, began as a life, an experience rather than a doctrine,

the experience, once established, as a genuine eclectic, culled from the mass of doctrines afloat in the church, such as proved to be in harmony with and promotive of the divine life in the soul.

But it was necessary that this life be hedged about by a system of external regulations, a shell of sufficient firmness to resist the pressure of temptation and worldliness.

The polity, like the doctrines of the church, is a growth, a slow and steady accumulation, as the inner life and the outer providence suggest a want and its supply. Thus the experience and the rules are homogeneous, the one growing out of and serving as the armor of the other.

To change the figure, the sap, accumulated in the root of this great Methodist tree, every fourth year, as in a great springtime, passes out to the branches, and by the agency of the General Conference becomes deposited in the form of regulations in the Discipline. The abundant depositions of the present year, as seen in the new Discipline, just issued by Carlton & Lanahan, a small but neat and erudite volume of ecclesiastical law, indicate the vitality and growth of the religious body.

In this article it is proposed to indicate these additions to our religious code. The substratum of the whole in the shape of articles of religion and general rules serving as a constitution, admits of no change by ordinary legislation, and hence we pass at once to the lesser regulations as to the theatre of transformation. The excluded matter will be placed in brackets. A few merely verbal changes will be passed unnoticed.

SINGING

began with the Methodists as an inspiration, but as the movement gathered force and assumed form, the Conference ordered that ["one or more be chosen in each society to lead the singing"] but now taking an advance step they say "Should the Preachers in charge desire it, let the Quarterly Conference appoint annually a committee of three or more, who, co-operating with him shall regulate all matters relating to this part of divine worship."

In the chapter on

BAPTIZED CHILDREN

there is a slight omission.

"3. Whenever they shall have attained an age sufficient to understand the obligations of religion, and shall give evidence of [a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins, their names may with their consent, be enrolled on the list of probationers, and if they shall continue to give evidence of a principle and habit] piety," p. 41.

The 5th question in the chapter on

ANNUAL CONFERENCES

is changed from "What is the method wherein we usually proceed in the Annual Conferences" to "What is the business of the Annual Conferences?"

The chapter on

QUARTERLY CONFERENCES

receives several touches. They omit ["The missionary committee shall have a right to a seat during the action of the Conference on the subject of missions, but at no other time."] "2. Who shall preside in the Quarterly Conference? Answer. The Presiding Elder, and in his absence any elder of the same District that he may appoint, and in case no sub-apointee be present, the Preacher in charge."

"The Quarterly Conference shall appoint a secretary [to] who shall take minutes of the proceedings thereof [to be recorded by the Presiding Steward in a book kept for that purpose] and transmit them to the Recording Steward."

The Conference is "2. To take cognizance of all the Local Preachers and exhorters in the circuit or station, and to inquire into the gifts, labors and usefulness of each [Preacher] by name; * * * to renew their license and the license of exhorters * * * to try, suspend, deprive of ministerial office and credentials, expel or acquit any Local Preacher in the circuit against whom charges may be [brought] preferred."

The order of business for a Quarterly Conference was essentially modified in form. The items added are, in the organization "devotional exercises" and calling "the roll;" also committees "on Parsonages and Furniture," "on Church Records" and "on Church Music." It also provides "For recognition of orders," reading the General Rules, place of the next session, and reading the Minutes.

RECEIVING MINISTERS FROM OTHER CHURCHES.

The question and answer relating to the Methodist Church, South is omitted, and the 1st and 3d questions are merged in one taking a more general form, so as to cover a wider area than the old chapter. "Question. In what manner shall we receive those ministers who may come to us from the Wesleyan Connection in Europe and Canada, or from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada? offer to unite with us from other Christian Churches?" "Answer. If they come to us properly accredited from [either the British, Irish or Canada Conference, or from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada] any branch of the Methodist Church, or from any agreeing with us in doctrine, they may be received either as local or itinerant ministers according to such credentials [provided they give] by giving satisfaction to an Annual or Quarterly Conference of their literary qualifications and of their willingness to conform to our church government and usages."

THE BISHOPS

in addition to former powers, are authorized to appoint "Chaplains to [hospitals] reformatory, sanitary and charitable institutions and to prisons," and to appoint an agent to promote the cause of temperance," p. 90.

The clause requiring Presiding Elders to promote "the publication of our own press of Bibles, Tracts and Sunday School books" is omitted.

Those masterly rules for the government of the preachers, transmitted to us from John Wesley, were conceived in such wisdom as to be susceptible of few improvements. The section however, relating to the

PREACHER IN CHARGE

is slightly modified. He is authorized "to hold Quarterly Conferences in the absence of the Presiding Elder and of the preacher appointed by him as his substitute;" "to hold a meeting of all the Leaders and Stewards of the charge, to be denominated the Leaders' and Stewards' Meeting," as often as practicable, in order to inquire

1. Are there any sick?
2. Are there any requiring temporal relief?
3. Are there any who walk disorderly and will not be re-proved?
4. Are there any who wilfully neglect the means of grace?
5. Are there any changes to be made in the classes?
6. Are there any probationers to be recommended for reception into full connection?
7. Are there any to be recommended for license to exhort or to preach?
8. What amount has been received for the Pastor or Pastors?
9. Is there any miscellaneous business?

The above was suggested by Wm. C. Brown, of Chelsea. The 12th section, on Preachers' Quarterly Report, is more comprehensive and explicit than the old.

1864.

13. ["To lay before the Quarterly Conference at each quarterly meeting, to be entered on its journal, a written statement of the number, state, and average attendance of the Sunday Schools in the circuit or station, and to report the same to the Annual Conference according to the form published by the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, together with the amount raised for the support of missions, and for the publication of Bibles and tracts.]"

1868.

12. To make a written report at each Quarterly Conference, as follows, namely:

QUARTERLY REPORT

of the Preacher in charge of —, to the — Quarterly Conference, held at —, 18—.

No. of Sunday Schools within the bounds of the charge.

State of Sunday Schools within the bounds of the charge.

Average attendance.

No. of Bible Classes.

Average attendance.

I have preached — times to the children, and catechised them — times during the quarter.

Classes of children formed for religious instruction.

Received into full membership.

Excluded from the church, namely.

Dismissed by letter, namely.

Deceased during the quarter.

Withdrawn from the church, namely.

The following pastoral labor has been sustained, namely.

Benevolent collections during the quarter, as follows:

Missionary.

Church Extension,

Bible,

Tracts,

Sunday School.

Other objects, in mly.

Subscribers have been obtained for our periodicals as follows, namely:

Advocate,

Ladies' Repository,

Quarterly Review,

Sunday School Advocate,

Sunday School Teachers' Journal,

Missionary Advocate.

Respectfully submitted.

_____, Preacher in Charge.

In giving a certificate of membership he is now required to notify of such certificate and removal, the Pastors of those charges within the bounds of which, persons having received such certificates shall have removed."

[To be concluded]

THANKSGIVING.

Governor Bullock issues the following Proclamation for a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise:

With the advice and consent of the Council I hereby appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth of November next to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, Prayer and Praise;

And I recommend that all the people of the Commonwealth, suspending on that occasion their ordinary pursuits, assemble in places of public worship and make the offering of contrite and grateful hearts to the Father of mercies for the favor which has accompanied his providence towards us during the year;

That the fields of agriculture, the mart of commerce and all the agencies of industry have been blessed with more than common success;

That in an unusual degree health has prevailed throughout our limits, and tranquility and contentment in our towns and at our firesides have not been disturbed by discord or fear;

That popular education has made greater progress than in any former year since the establishment of the State;

That the rights of human nature have found here an asylum and sanctuary;

That life, liberty and property have been maintained secure among us by the observance of law, order and sobriety;

And that the institutions of reform, benevolence and charity have been upheld beyond precedent by the convictions and by the liberality of the men and women of the Commonwealth.

Let us likewise give thanks that the grace of God, the Father Almighty and Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, has been freely bestowed upon families and individuals.

In moving their hearts to direct a share of their prosperity to the spread of the gospel at home and abroad;

In sanctifying the afflictions and relieving the sorrows of their homes by the consolations of their holy religion;

In quickening their sense of sinfulness and their purpose of virtue;

And in bringing the heart to a lively contemplation of its personal relations and obligations to the Creator, the promotion and enjoyment of whose glory is the chief end of man.

It becomes us then, on the day thus set apart to convene in our open temples, and while offering thanksgiving and praise, to supplicate continued mercies for our country, our Commonwealth, and ourselves individually;

For our country, that God, who is the author of peace and lover of concord, will speedily restore reconciliation among all sections and all classes;

For our Commonwealth, that her annals and traditions may not be tarnished in the future years;

For ourselves, personally, that our hearts and lives may be in accord with the divine commandments, and our end that of the righteous.

"Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another."

Publications Received since our Last.

From Lee & Shepard—Naval Officer, Domby & Son, etc., Appleton's; Changing Base, Everett; The Philosophy of Domestic Life, Byford.

From the Congregational S. S. and Publication Society—The Station Master's Daughter.

From Presbyterian Pub. Com.—Almost a Nun; Amy Hall Books; You-Sing! The China Cup.

From American News Company.—Correspondence of Gerrit Smith with Albert Barnes.

From Sheldon & Co.—Baby's Husband, Harland.

American Sunday School Union—Dulcie's Lonesome Night; Theresa's Journal; Fruit Gathering; Pease and her Sisters.

Annual Register of Iowa Conference; The Quince; Rural; The Monthly Religious; H. A. Brown & Co.'s Picnic Catalogue; Monthly Journal of the American Unitarian Association; The Fanoplist.

From F. J. Huntington & Co.—The Tonart; a Collection of Sacred Music, by E. Roberts and J. P. Morgan.

THE HERALD.

TERMS, \$2.50 per year. Clergymen, \$2.00—in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. All leaded articles, not credited to other journals, are original.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of the author, for the use of the editor, not for publication.

Articles published with the names of the authors are not necessarily expressive of the views of this journal.

Obituaries must be sent within three months of the deaths of the persons described; marriages and deaths within three weeks of their occurrence.

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THE HERALD FREE UNTIL JAN. 1869.

All who subscribe before Jan. 1st, 1869, will receive THE HERALD free until that time. If our agents are not accessible, send subscriptions to this office.

THE RETURNS COMING IN.—Our brethren are sending in their lists. From all sides we hear of busy laborers reaping good rewards for THE HERALD. Rev. A. O. Hamilton sends thirteen new subscribers. Several others a little less. They will not stop at these figures. The canvass outside is going on. A leading New York clergyman says it is the freshest, most original, most ably conducted of all our church papers, and he takes them all. An officer of the General Conference says he recommends it wherever he goes, and he goes almost everywhere. Let all take hold.

Hear what *The N. Y. Evangelist* says of McClintock's and Strong's Cyclopedias: "Though prepared by two distinguished scholars of the Methodist Church, it treats other denominations with conspicuous candor, and with a disposition to avoid anything offensive. It is indeed a noble work,—a monument of vast learning and unwearied labor, which reflects honor, not only on the editors, but on the great body to which they belong."

Who will be without this excellent work when he can get it so cheaply, and do the church excellent service? Read all our other premiums. They give you just what you want, books, and other good things. Now brethren, and sisters too, give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether for **TEN THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS.** It is easy enough to do it. If all will go to work as some are it will soon be done.

Two Dollars and fifty cents till January 1, 1870. To facilitate the canvass the Association will give THE HERALD for one subscription from the time of subscribing till Jan. 1, 1870. This will give our canvassers easier work, and encourage our friends to subscribe immediately. Give time and energy and prayer, brethren, and all to this work.

ROOT DIFFERENCES.

The difference between the evangelical doctrines and all their substitutes is of the most radical nature. It is not surprising that those who embrace the counter views are insensible of these marks of separation. The very eye that discerns the distinctions can only obtain this illumination by the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. To those who are thus changed from nature to grace the line of separation between them and their yet unregenerate friends is a great gulf, a gulf opened not by their pride, for they have none of that now which they indulged in their previous estate, but by the Spirit of God who has wrought in them this consciousness and condition. Their thought, their feeling, their language, their whole direction of soul, differs from what it was in their previous condition. Their views of God, Father, Saviour and Sanctifier, of themselves as sinner and as saved, of the Word of God as his speech and language, of death and the judgment, of heaven and hell, all are made new in this mighty birth of their soul. They have passed from death unto life. Old things have passed away; behold all things have become new.

Those in the unregenerate condition know not, and cannot know of these things. They are spiritually discerned. They are beheld only in the face of Jesus Christ. They are the vital experiences which flow from regeneration. The blood of Christ is infused into their spirit, and creates it a new creature in Christ Jesus.

But though this blindness remains and must remain till taken away by his renewing touch, they may have many religious convictions, opinions and actions, some of which are the influences of Christ in society and on the soul which are not renewing, and which can co-exist for a season even with his rejection. This class is especially apt to think that all opposition to them on the part of the Christian believer is either hypocritical or boasting. They charge them with every reason for their course but the true one. That true one they will not, cannot see.

A striking example of this conduct is seen in an editorial in *The Christian Register* upon one in THE HERALD on the action of the National Unitarian Convention in releasing its members from any obligation to acknowledge Christ in any relation whatever.

THE HERALD, in common with all other evangelical

papers noticed this sad defection, even from their previously low standard, and in a few plain words, without the least passion or sectarian feeling, pointed out the disastrous results of denying the divinity and atonement of the Son of God. It held up the act in the light of the Gospel, and in that only. *The Register* does us the honor to select this journal as its especial object of chastisement, and for a column pours upon us its choicest vials of rhetoric and wrath. It charges us with "frantic vehemence," with "being in a high state of perturbation," with "flaming up in a more bitter zeal" than usual against this Conference, with "being a 'bitter'" and "a scared sectarian," with thus acting against the policy of John Wesley and the Methodist Church, and with doing it all to stop our ministers who we are "afraid will pass into" its "ranks." This it calls "the milk of the cocoanut," a very novel and choice figure, wherein which our classical Cantabrigian uses several times, as if it were a gem of Grecian taste and fancy. All this is as far from truth as from courtesy. For the lack of truth it is not to be condemned, except so far as the want proves it to have refused to receive Christ Crucified. Its deficiency in courtesy of language is the more notable in view of its honed accents towards all the Methodist flies that it fancies flutter near its odorous web. No words are too bland for them, none are too supercilious for those that state the exact truth in simple faithfulness. These epithets which it showers so furiously on THE HERALD would be changed to abundant and enthusiastic eulogies, had it but the slightest hope of thereby winning its co-operation. We regret its loss of temper, but excuse it on the ground that it knows not what it does. We can less willingly excuse its misstatement that we said "Emerson was its Saviour and Parker its Paul," when we especially gave our authority for those applications, the former of which appeared in *The Tribune* from one of its own ministers, and the latter of which has been once and again asserted in the editorial columns of its metropolitan organ. It is enough to bear our own sins, without having to assume the load which its own brethren and journals heap up. It dared not say who were the authors of those remarks, and especially that the last was a favorite word of *The Liberal Christian*. Were we in its temper, or in that which it charges us with being, we should call that misstatement by a very plain and not very complimentary term. But all these acrid epithets we shall leave to it and its New York associate. They seem to need them greatly by the freedom with which they use them.

In all this pungency of rhetoric there is a striking confirmation of the position which we stated at the beginning, the lack of all discernment of the root distinctions that separate between them and the evangelical church. With one instinct the church of Christ of every form and in every age, has arrayed itself against every religion by whatever name it called itself, which did not accept Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of sinners. Every heart that has not thus accepted him in the conscious regeneration of its nature is insensible to the feelings which are the very life blood of the believer. *The Register* falls into a passion and makes an abundance of false and foolish charges as to the fear and effort of THE HERALD because it knows not the real ground on which we stand in common with all the Christian Church, and as it confesses, in common with all evangelical journals. It is not the fear of losing our own that troubles us; it is regret at seeing so fatal a plunge into permitted infidelity on the part of a religious and influential body that declares no faith in Christ essential to its membership.

Its own statement of the position of its Conference shows how dense is its spiritual ignorance. After thus charging us with all manner of discourtesies, and seeking to separate THE HERALD from its church and, even from any one except its editor, thus evidently hoping to break the force of our remarks, it proceeds to give its own version of the action of its Convention:

The Unitarian Churches, fully and ably represented in Conference, have declared positively, by immense majorities, two things—first, that they will unite as Christian churches with Christ as their Master—and secondly, that they will bind no man to any special view of Christ or of Christianity. The National Conference is, and will be, a Christian body—it is also a body which refuses to criticize the opinions of any of its members. "To his own Master, he standeth or falleth."

Take this confession and see where it leads. First, they acknowledge "Christ as their Master," and then they "bind no man to any special view of Christ or Christianity." That is, it formally puts Christ's name on its banners, and then declares this has no binding force on any that choose to march under it. He may be rejected as Master, as many do reject him. He may be rejected entirely, as he is by many. He may be linked with other reformers, greater, equal or less, as many of this body link him. "That's of no consequence" to these Messrs. Toots. "Only join our Conference, only cling to our organization, and you may have what

belief you will concerning Christ." Such is the avowed confession of the most careful and cool and religious of all their sheets. This candid article notices this peculiarity, and says:

This combination of Christian union and Christian freedom is indeed a new and unexampled thing in church history.

This is true if the word "Christian" be left out. It is certainly an unexampled thing in church history, and unexampled in human history, unexampled in any organic life, civil, social, or even physical. No body can be a body and declare its members absolved from all allegiance to its laws. No church can be a church, and say its constituents may accept its central dogma or not, at their pleasure. It will find disintegration begins at this very point of seeming unity, and that the strain it put forth to include all the hostile and contending elements in its fold will break all its bands asunder.

Dr. Osgood said the amendment tended to Theism and free religion, and even free love. Dr. Lothrop asked, as *The Register* reports,

Why should we make a declaration that *paralyzes the phrase*, that *takes all force from it*, in order to satisfy Mr. Frothingham and his friends? If any man wants to stand on another platform, and have a "Free Religious Association," let him go and have it.

Mr. Mayo, of Cincinnati, spoke vehemently against it. Thus *The Register* reports:

We are willing to run the risk of having every body in this country, that calls itself a religious body, send its delegates here, and, if they can get a majority, (as Mr. Frothingham has plainly said), abolish Unitarianism and Christianity along with it, and turn this into the same thing that the Free Religious Association is. That is the risk we run. That is precisely the thing you are doing.

Now, friends, I am not willing to run that risk. I am not willing to be swamped by Judaism, by Spiritualism, by anything that is willing to call itself "religious."

A few other clergymen made like protestations, and yet it did do what these men protested against, and now *The Register* thinks we are very uncharitable because we said it had done what their own representative men declared it had done—"gone over to infidelity." *The Register* itself said, Mr. Frothingham, the Sunday after the Convention spoke more hopefully of the Unitarian Church than he had of late. Why? Because it had surrendered to him and his platform, as repeated a hundred times in sermons, essays, speeches. Everywhere in these he makes no vital difference between Christ and any other man, between Christianity and any other religion. That is what his church practically does also. To his phase he reduced his Convention. Every one of his friends knew that he triumphed. Mr. Clarke in his elaborate and earnest rejection of all creeds, as of any authority, was only the mouthpiece of Mr. Frothingham. He confronted him at the Free Religious Meeting; he submitted to him at the National Convention.

With him fell the whole body. Every man in it saw it, every man without. Religious journals of every faith agree in this testimony. They could not help falling. Moses Stuart said that Theodore Parker was the natural and inevitable fruit of William Ellery Channing. The surrender of the whole Unitarian body to Mr. Parker, is therefore only the acknowledgment of its legitimate sovereign. This submission has been made, and Messrs. Robert Collyer, Frothingham, Alger and Morse are the masters of the field.

In no "bitter" or "scared" or "frantic" spirit do we make this statement. In rather the deepest regret. We would have *infinitely* preferred the plan proposed by Dr. Elliot and a few others, not however in the Convention, of organizing their church on the basis of the Apostles' Creed. They saw this battle and talked of meeting it, but had not the courage in the day of trial. We should yet rejoice to see any such movement among those disaffected ones, who saw and said of Dr. Bellows that this act was a going "over to infidelity." We have no fear of any Methodist minister leaving our church. If he wishes to go he can be spared. With nearly ten thousand, or if we include as we should our local ministry, with more than twenty thousand clergymen, it would be strange if some did not abandon the faith. Christ found one among the twelve. What should there not be among the thousands? Its quarter of a thousand would feel the accession of one whom our score of thousands would not miss. But any of our brethren will be less likely to be tempted after this action, unless they are wholly given up to unbelief. If they have any love for Christ, they will hardly go where his claims are treated with such avowed indifference. Their love will warm as they see him thus rejected, and the temptation to deny and betray him be resisted and repelled. *The Register* seeks to contrast the course of Wesley and THE HERALD. They agree. He discerned some good men, beguiled by this error. So have we. He mentions a few. So have we. But he none the less preached the whole gospel to all, however near or remote from the kingdom of God. In this too, THE HERALD essays to follow him. In it both seek to follow their Lord and Master, *haut aquo passu*,

who said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," to one who refused this service, and thereupon went far from that kingdom a journey he never returned. We pray that those of this communion who have come near the Cross may be led by this violent rejection of the lowest claims of the Son of God to break through the snare that has grown up around them, and cast themselves into his loving, atoning, divine, eternal arms. If the writer in *The Register* would but thus follow Peter and the Centurian and the thief, he would find every word we wrote the kindest in feeling, courteous in tone, exact in truth. God grant that he and all his may thus seek and find the Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. The lightning ran along the wires from Calais to San Francisco, in every direction from sundown to day-break on the night of the Third of November, conveying the intelligence as to what sort of a printed bit of paper five millions of men scattered over three billions of square miles had silently deposited on the day before in little boxes. The silent pen records the silent vote, the silent types repeat the silent pen, and silent men and women by the tens of millions read the silent decision by the silent light of the next morning's sun. The still small voice of God is reproduced in this continental quietude of strength. The silent President is fitly chosen.

What does his Election mean? It means first and foremost, Order. The great captain is true to his trade. He will have peace if he has to fight for it. Order is the law of the realm, martial law, Mr. Blair thinks. Perhaps it will be in some portions of the land, for only martial law will there maintain order. But whatever the means necessary to this result, the result will be obtained. The fight of ideas must hereafter go forward without the accompaniment of the bullet and the bowie. Order must exist everywhere. In Texas and Georgia as completely as in Maine and Michigan. The assassin's bullet must cease to fly. The murderous threat must content itself with breathings out of threatenings and slaughter. The execution of its malice will be forbidden. The South shall be as quiet and accessible as the North. Whatever means are needed to this end will not be wanting. Grant is synonymous with Peace. The election means also equal rights. The president declares his acceptance of the reconstruction policy. That is perfectly equal, loyal, right. It brands no man for his color or ignorance or birth-place. All are equal before the law and before the ballot-box. This policy thwarted, opposed, left to the bloody hands of its enemies, by the present ruler, will no longer be resisted, but will be committed to men who will obey its behests and carry out its provisions. The loyal men of America, all, however disloyal their past, who will now acknowledge the sovereignty of the government, are placed on the same level, and to them are entrusted the destinies of their States, the destinies of the nation.

Order and Equal Rights are the two chief guarantees of the notable election. As the first triumph of liberty meant no more progress of slavery, in land or law; as the second meant Union with Abolitionism, so the third means Peace and Equal Rights. Grant's toast by which he retorted on Gen. Polk's, "Equal Rights to all, white and black," is the true moral result of the campaign.

Behind these dawn other and yet greater ideas. Given peace and equal rights, the subsequent steps will soon follow. The public mind will debate the question of fraternity, and every such debate is decided in the affirmative, whatever the opinion of the contestants may be. It is impossible for it to be otherwise. God is behind the country. He is pushing us up our undesired and undeserved path of progress. We rejoice to see the waving sword of One infinitely greater than our national captain, One who is the really national Captain, who is summoning us through order and equality to the higher plane of fraternity. The despised of our brethren are at our side with a ballot in their hands. Now is the offense of color ceased. The hard and hostile heart will forget these bitter prejudices, and see a brother where he sees an equal. The time of the singing of birds has come. This November is the May time of the Republic. The icy winter of despotism is passed, the rain of wrath and blood is over, the warm air steal over us, heart bows to heart, and soon, by the blessing of God, and the faithfulness of his people, this whole cloud of caste, the chilling reminder and remains of that era of slavery will dissolve and disappear in the sunny unity of kindred hearts.

Questions of minor import may still disturb us. Finance, taxation, tariff, national extension over Can-

ada, over Mexico; these are of trivial import. They will adjust themselves to the basis of common sense and common justice. The great victory is the humanizing of the nation. It is man not money, it is souls not silver, it is God not Mammon that has really won the victory. Man emerges in this hour from his cloud of ages, and [with him all inferior justice will assuredly follow.

The whole nation sighs for Peace. Every soldier's grave demands it, every bereaved household asks it, every ravaged southern home begs for it, every poor man of every color in those blood-sprinkled regions implores it. But she demands righteousness in louder tones than those in which she calls for peace. Both will come, and all the South, however rebellious, will rejoice in their advent. Every good man who has voted against the President will yet be glad their vote was not successful, and rejoice at an opportunity to testify faith in the principles that have been established in all their sovereignty through this decision of the people. God bless the new President, preserve his life, inspire his soul, make him as brave in principle as he has been in less dangerous fields, where bodies were imperiled not, as here, souls. And may his government be a precursor and contributor to that coming administration, seen and sung by the angels over Bethlehem—the peace and rule of Christ over good-willing men.

CANDIDATES FOR THE SPANISH THRONE.

A despatch from Europe relates that the election for members of the Spanish Constituent Cortes will take place on the 29th of November, though an earlier announcement made the 15th the day of election. Whether this is a change, or the first statement was made without authority, we are unable to say. Practically, it matters nothing on what day the election shall take place, as the Cortes will not meet till the 15th of December, or that is the day which has been named for its meeting, but that can be changed. Much of the news that has been sent to this country respecting Spanish affairs has proved unfounded, as might have been expected, as it was made up hurriedly to answer the demands of the telegraph, which allow no time for revision. The main thing is, that there has been a revolution, and that the Spaniards are about to enter upon the work of reconstruction, always a far more difficult undertaking than that of destruction. Thus much is certain if no more.

There will be two things for the Cortes to do that must take precedence of all other business with which it will be charged. First, it must settle what sort of polity Spain may have. We assume that its decision will be for a monarchical polity of a very liberal character. It will seek to please the governments of Europe by maintaining the throne, and by placing on it some person of royal blood; and it will seek to please the peoples of Europe by establishing a liberal constitution, a constitution that will bear considerable resemblance to that of Italy. It is understood that, whatever it may do, its work will be submitted to the people, who will have it in their power to ratify or to reject it at their pleasure.

In the second place, the Cortes will have to select a man to reign over the Spaniards. This will be no easy task, for it will be necessary at least to try to elect a prince who shall be satisfactory to very different parties, and to conflicting interests. He must be a man to whom no powerful European government could make grave objections; and at the same time he should be moved by a liberal spirit, and be ready to march with the times, which was what Isabella II. would not do, and therefore had to leave crown and country to some better person. He must not only be satisfactory to European peoples and governments, but he must be eminently so to the great majority of the Spaniards. He must be a Catholic, for Spain is eminently a Catholic nation, and to talk of setting up a Protestant sovereign there is almost as wild as it would have been to talk of setting up a Christian Caliph at Cordova in the days of the Ommiades. Spain is the Catholic country, and though the action of her present rulers is very liberal, there is no reason to suppose that there is any intention in any Spanish quarter to do more than to make Protestants the equals of Catholics before the law,—which is all they could ask, or which, we suppose, they have ever thought of asking. But, though a Catholic, the new monarch must be a man of liberal ideas, and he must undertake the task of leading Spain on the reforming road. He must be no bigot, or he will have been elevated in vain, and it will be said that Isabella might as well have been left on the throne of her ancestors. It was not worth while to overthrow a female fanatic merely to give her throne to a masculine bigot, who probably would turn out much the worse creature of the two.

The number of persons who have been named in connection with the filling up of the Spanish throne is large, considering that only one of the very highest rank can become candidates for the vacant throne; but most of these persons have no chance whatever of reigning at Madrid. The Duke of Montpensier would be the successful man, we think, did the Spaniards feel at liberty to act without reference to the opinion of Napoleon III. Yet the Duke is an Orleans prince, and the French Emperor hates the Orleans family, and probably he holds it in some fear; and hate and fear make a man determined in his opposition to the elevation of their objects. Besides, the Spaniards have had something to say about getting rid of the Bourbons altogether, and the Duke is a Bourbon, though also a liberal, and trained in a good school, to which he does honor. His wife is a sister of Isabella II., and therefore obnoxious as a Bourbon, but the Spanish anti-Bourbon declaration is not to be taken literally. Like her husband, she is worthy of a throne. Something has been said about electing Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria, to the vacant throne, conditionally that he should marry a daughter of the Montpensiers, and with a sort of informal understanding that he should bring Gibraltar with him as his contribution to the dominions of Spain, but which England has held for more than one hundred and sixty years, to the great annoyance of the Spaniards. But Prince Alfred is a Protestant, and though this age is not remarkable for piety, it is not an age in which a young man could deliberately change his religion for the sake even of a kingdom, and retain the world's respect. It is a blot on the name of Henry IV. of France and Navarre that he changed his religion to get the finest crown in Europe; and if he could not escape censure in the sixteenth century for such a sale of his conscience, how could Prince Alfred escape it for a similar sale in this much higher-toned nineteenth century? Were he to profess himself a Catholic in order to become "The Catholic" King, the name of Alfred would be in the way to become as odious as now it is honorable.

A more formidable candidate, perhaps, is the Duke of Aosta. He is the second son of the King of Italy, and he is a Catholic by birth and education, though his family is not on good terms with the Pope. He is supported by France, Prince Napoleon, husband of his sister Clotilde, having written a letter in favor of his election,—a letter he never would have written had he not been sure that Napoleon III. is desirous that the Italian Duke should become King of the Spains. There has been something said about making Prince Napoleon himself the successor of Isabella II., but he is too near to the French throne to have any desire to go south of the Pyrenees. What the Duke of Aosta's chances are, we have no means of knowing with any approach to certainty. He belongs to a rising family, and what men call fortune may favor his pretensions. "A run of luck" is a good capital to start with, and the luck of the Carignanos is almost as remarkable as that of the Hohenzollerns.

There was a report current at Madrid that Isabella had expressed her readiness to abdicate in favor of one of her relatives, Don Carlos. We presume the prince meant is the gentleman who calls himself Charles VII., who is a son of Don Juan, sole surviving son of that Don Carlos, uncle of Isabella, who claimed to be Charles V., and who for years disputed the Spanish throne with his niece in one of the bloodiest and most cruel of civil wars. He claims the throne as his of right, and so it is according to the legitimate theory, and if the Salique law is held to be binding on Spain. We have seen no avowal from him that he will be a candidate for the crown before the Cortes, nor has any of his friends spoken for him. He has tried to get up a civil war in the north of Spain, but with little or no success. He cannot be considered as a very strong pretender, and the ex-Queen's abdication in his favor will be considered by the revolutionists as a piece of impertinence. Either she has rights to give up, or she has none. If she has them, then the succession ought to go to her son; if she has none, she cannot make them over to her cousin's son. As well might a person who has no claim to a certain estate pretend to give a title to it to a purchaser as Isabella pretended to convey a title to the Spanish throne. In politics as in law, a party can convey only that which he or she possesses,—and it would be difficult to make it appear that Isabella is possessor of the throne of Spain at this time.

Louis, King of Portugal, has been named for the vacant place, but his prospects are not considered brilliant, and it is supposed that they will not improve, unless the scheme for the union of Spain and Portugal should come up,—and, just now, that scheme seems to be too completely at the bottom of the basket to be susceptible of resuscitation. His father, Ferdinand, a prince of the Coburg line, also has been talked of as a

candidate before the Spanish Cortes,—but a statement has obtained currency that he has refused to be a candidate. At present we should say the Duke of Aosta had the "best look" of any one of the persons named in connection with the election,—but rather from the weakness of all his real or supposed competitors than from any knowledge that we have, or that is attainable, concerning his prospects.

WAS IT LESS THAN A FRAUD?—A person soliciting moneys to distribute tracts and books in the South called on a gentleman in this city. He preferred to send the books out himself, and therefore bought of the solicitor several hundred of his little volumes. It was entitled "Easy Lessons to help those who wish to read the Bible. Every letter and word is taken from the portions of Scripture here published. New York American Bible Union, 1867." It consists of a few columns of words for spelling, and passages of the Scriptures in large type, and the whole of John's Gospel. On examining it, he found it to be a novel translation, giving the poor southern brother not the Bible he had known by the hearing of the ear, but another and unfamiliar version, and inserting the word "immerse" and its cognates for the word "baptize." These are some of its translations: "John was immersing in Ebon;" "So comes poverty as a rover;" "The same is he who immerses in the Holy Spirit;" "When therefore the Lord knew that the Pharisees heard that Jesus made and immersed more disciples than John, (though Jesus himself immersed not, but his disciples,) "and there he remained with them and immersed." It is perhaps well enough for those who desire it to indulge in any harmless extravagance. Mr. Longfellow is condemning our fathers for punishing people who persisted in going naked through the streets, and in praising the people so acting. And the "Union," wrongly so called, since its union unites no diverse sects or sentiments, may be equally commended, and its condemmers condemned by some future poet who thinks more of poetry than propriety. But what is it but a fraud, for it to send its agents to sell its wares to those who disapprove of them as wrong in every respect, under the pretense of aiding the freedmen? If a Roman Catholic agent, concealing his faith, should solicit money of a Baptist,—we beg pardon for using so unscriptural an epithet,—of an Immersionist brother, to send books South, and should use that money to send the Douay Bible with its penances and absolutions and other "private interpretations," what would he think of the conduct of him or his society? No wonder they print 25,000, when they scatter them through such measures.

SHALL WE HAVE A MAINE METHODIST CONVENTION?

[A leading layman of Maine sends the following communication. We heartily endorse it.]

After reading your remarks in a recent number of THE HERALD upon the Massachusetts Methodist Convention in Boston, in which the above question is briefly propounded, we answered yes, let us have it by all means. And could this interrogatory be put individually to every Methodist in Maine, we believe there would be a general affirmative response.

The New England Methodist Convention, held in Boston, in 1866, inaugurated a new era in the history of our Church. It was a grand progressive movement in the right direction, loudly called for by the exigencies of the times, and the pressing wants and necessities of a live and vigorous church. The recent Massachusetts Convention of Methodists was equally a splendid success.

We need just such a Convention in Maine. We are now divided into two Conferences, and spread over the whole State. The preachers in these two Conferences very seldom meet, or see each other, while the laity are never brought together at all.

This is not all; we have no general church gatherings which bring together the clergy and laity upon one platform,—hence there is no extended personal acquaintance between the two bodies or the individuals that compose them. Another thing, there never has been any general meeting of the church to call together the laymen of Maine, where they could meet face to face and sit down in council, to devise ways and means to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. It is true the Annual Conferences completely answer the purposes contemplated in their organizations,—in many respects they are occasions of great interest; but they are exclusively composed of ministers, with the exception of a handful of *quasi* lay delegates, who have courteously extended to them the exalted prerogative of "looking on."

We need "campaign gatherings" outside of our annual Conferences. A successful canvass against sin and unholiness cannot be carried on unless we rouse the masses, and fire their ardor with zeal and enthusiasm.

To do this, we must, occasionally at least, bring together our whole church forces, clergy and laity, preacher and people, where we can see each other, shake hands, get acquainted, sing, pray and shout together; where we can listen to the best speaking talent in the church, and get thoroughly roused to the importance of work and labor in the vineyard of our Master.

But we did not take up our pen to argue this question, but simply to call the attention of the Methodists in Maine to the proposition for a State Convention. What say you, brethren, shall we have one?

A MAINE LAYMAN.

The Biblical Repository is a new monthly journal devoted to the advocacy of the Annihilation of the Wicked and of the Natural Mortality of the Soul. In its anxiety to get supporters for its theories it declares it has found converts where no converts are. It hunts up bits of chance expressions, however casual or minute or obscure, and brings them out as the authoritative declarations of their authors. Even in this its success is very moderate. It thinks that a remark that annihilation is an attempt to gloss over the true doctrine because of its fearfulness by one more fearful, is a concession in favor of that dogma. Eyes especially illuminated could alone discern that conclusion. Eternal conscious death is an awful truth, but extinction of being is more awful. Therefore the advocate of eternal conscious death is an annihilationist. We shall have to turn that logic over to the *Western*. It is beyond our capacity. It has also sought to include another of our ministers, Rev. E. O. Haven, among its supporters, deducing its claims from one of his published sermons. But he relieves himself of their society in the following note:

I have just noticed an article in the *Bible Repository* of September, in which it is stated that I have renounced the doctrine of eternal torment, and embraced the "guillotine theory of final extinction." I presume that the same extraordinary power of interpretation that finds "the guillotine theory of final extinction" in the words of Christ and the prophets has found it in some expression of mine, though it was never my intention to express it, as I believe it was never the intention of Christ and the Prophets to express it. Thus I might leave the subject. But allow me to add that, in a discourse designed to show that infinite consequences will follow finite actions, I did endeavor to present the doctrine in the most reasonable manner, and of the thousand people who heard it, not one, so far as I know, supposed that I preached "the guillotine theory." I object to all descriptions of the wretchedness of the finally impenitent drawn from the human imagination, but am content to leave them where the Bible leaves them, believing that in our present state of existence we cannot comprehend the facts of our subsequent and eternal state. Still, enough is revealed to show that there is no hope for the impenitent. As I asked in that discourse—"Who wishes to be the most miserable being possible in the universe of God? Who wishes to be in the lowest stratum that mercy will allow? Who would consort, even in this life, with robbers, and those abandoned to the vilest sins? Who, in the next world, desires the place of spiritual parishes—the lowest rank in the universe—whatever that may be?"

A hope for extinction I think as unreasonable as any other hope to those who despise the just government of God. But I have not time now to write an essay on this awful theme. God forbid that I should mislead any or attempt to be wise above what is written. God will vindicate His own government, and all human attempts to construct what is called a theodicy fail, because a finite mind cannot grasp the facts and principles of eternity. This must suffice for the present, and if more is desirable on the theme I may take occasion to present my views hereafter in an article independent of the charge above attended to, which I hereby deny. E. O. HAVEN.

ANOTHER NAY.—Rev. Rufus Ellis, pastor of the First Church in this city, joins Dr. Thomson in disapproving of the action of the Unitarian Convention. In an article in *The Religious Magazine*, entitled the "Unitarian Conference, and Why I left it," he very earnestly denounces its course. Of the twelve who opposed the amendment he says, "the writer is glad to say that he was one." He defends our position against *The Register* in saying the Convention rejected Christ. "I do not see how any Unitarians who voted for that amendment can complain of those who assert that one may be a Unitarian without confessing the authority of Christ." He adds,

That Conference can only be regarded henceforth as made up of a majority of Christian Unitarians, and a minority of Free Religionists, grouped under a Confession which is declared to be no Confession of the whole, and no test of membership for any.

We are glad to see this protest, and hope the First Church of this city, first born of our fathers' faith and prayers, long in exile, may return to the original faith and be again the fountain of true and saving life. Mr. Ellis thinks this movement will of necessity reconstruct their churches in the more evangelical doctrines. If it brings them to Christ crucified, it will not have wrought its mischief in vain.

The Register has not yet noticed these objections. It is so busily engaged in reading THE HERALD that it cannot see these foes of its own household. That is a good employment of its time, and will, we trust, lead it at last to note the condemning words of its own brethren.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.—*The Northern Advocate* has a chapter of sensible observations on the tendencies to "haste in religious services," induced by the popular anxiety for brevity. It condemns an overweening desire for short sermons, short lessons, short hymns, short prayers, &c. All this is well enough, but the *Advocate* takes for its text a sneer of the *Standard* at a description of a camp meeting love feast where "four hundred and fifty spoke in eighty minutes." This the *Standard* calls "superficial religion," and intimates that because the testimonies of a love feast averaged only about "ten seconds" apiece, therefore Methodists believe this "fast sort of religion" to be a wonderfully good thing. We submit that the good editor of the *Northern* might have found a better text for an essay on brevity in religious exercises than a fling at a camp meeting love feast from one who knows nothing about love feasts in general, and camp love feasts in particular. Where there are five hundred or a thousand persons, each anxious to "stand up for Jesus,"

if each were to occupy the standard length of the prayers of the Fulton Street meeting, one minute, it would take a day to get around. It doesn't take one second to say "I love Jesus," nor two to say "The blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin;" and where a dozen are on their feet at once, half a dozen may as well speak in a minute as one. All Methodists know this. If shallow piety is to be argued from the "tremendous rate of speed" which an excited camp meeting love feast takes on, what tremendous depth of piety there must be in two-hour sermons, half-hour prayers, and three-column articles in religious newspapers!

IT is amusing to notice how prone some papers are to forget that THE HERALD has many writers on its staff. *The Western* and the *Watchman & Reflector* of last week each gravely set forth their opinions concerning one of the members of the corps in connection with two different articles, both of which were written by other persons than the one to whom they pay their respects. They should remember that THE HERALD has a personality of its own, and is not the utterance of any one individual. The article which the *Watchman* notices was written by one of our first ministers, and will stand its criticism. As to the two-edged compliment of the *Watchman*, we need only say that Profs. Hackett and Conant are doubtless very learned, enough to be D.D.'s, if anybody is, but when they translate Matthew as saying, "The Pharisees except they immerse themselves do not eat," they give the Scriptures a severe strain, if they do not their scholarship. This translation we have not yet seen commanded by our excellent neighbor. It is as silent on that as on close communion. It will yet reject both.—*The Western* finds time to notice THE HERALD. Can't it find room to quote and answer our question? It won't take three lines of its valuable space. That refusal "smells of caste," and something worse. Be courageous, dear *Western*. Tell us if Trinity and Morris and Union Chapel will give a black brother as courteous treatment as your "colored" Cincinnati churches will these brethren? Fear not. Nothing shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good.

The Ladies' Repository for November has an exquisite engraving of the *The Village Spire*. Nothing can be more perfect either as an engraving or a picture. It has a less beautiful portrait of Isaac Rich, which is improved by its contrast with its biographical setting. Its chief papers are: "On Divorce," a valuable and needful discussion; "England's Debt to the Huguenots," "The Mind's Dominion over the Body," by Rev. R. H. Howard, a paper that will attract attention by its bearings on his late letter in the *Advocate*, though this does not teach the subjugation of the will to physical power so complete that the body can radically change the purpose of the will. Good poetry, good stories and good titbits make up a good number. The next volume is to be adorned with elegant wood engravings and costly steel engravings. Brown's celebrated *White Mountains* and *New York* are in preparation. It is the best looking, and one of the best every way, of the monthlies.

THE PILGRIM began its exhibition at Tremont Temple on Monday last. This is the celebrated panorama of Pilgrim's Progress on exhibition all last winter in New York, and visited by tens of thousands of admirers. It is by far the finest series of illustrative and scenic effects ever connected with sacred scenes. Every child should see it, from three years old to eighty. Terms for schools will be reasonable. It is no befouling Black Crook or White Fawn, but a sacred, a sanctifying spectacle. Go and see it.

MOTES.

The only person that seems likely to make anything in fame, virtue or cash, out of the Water Street reform, is Oliver Dyer. He invented the name of "The Wickedest Man." He is getting big prices for his dissertation, and has gone into the lecture business. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

An attempt to unite the two Presbyterian churches has failed; 45 of the Presbyteries have voted against the plan. It requires three fourths to carry it, and there are 142 in all. So over one fourth have voted "no," and the union is still a division. Christ is still divided.

Dr. Holmes, in his very brilliant and instructive essay on "The Anatomy and Physiology of Man," in *The Atlantic Almanac*, an essay which should be published separately for a ten cent or five cent bit, advocates giving ether to those who are suffering dying agonies. It is a bold, but not unchristian proposal.

The Democrats at Decatur, Ill., call the Republican wigwam in that city the "Third Methodist Church."

Good for Westfield. She has sent up a Prohibitionist to the Legislature by a good majority. This is a fine answer to the run mob that last year made a Sodom of their lovely green.

The New York city is steadily gaining on Rum and the Devil. The vote for Grant this year was nearly 50,000, (47,738). An increase of 11,000 over that of 1864. We shall yet see that city redeemed unto God. In no spot of the land is there more prayer, more work, more liberality for God. He will surely there bruise Satan under his feet shortly.

The Advertiser gravely announced concerning Mr. Alger's Sunday services "that it is evident that this amusement meets a great popular want." A sort of Sunday concert it clearly considers it, as it clearly is. If it would add Gilmore's band to its other attractions, "the amusement" would be still more "popular" and no less Christian.

Emerson, in his Brook Farm Lecture, said, "A city minister may have piety, but must have taste."

Petroleum V. Nasby sent his resignation as Postmaster to Gen. Grant on the night of the election. He has done such excellent service in that office that he ought to be promoted. Why cannot Boston make him the head of its Whisky Commission? He'll save some from rum by the amount he drinks himself.

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

Church Extension.

Rev. Dr. Eddy, in a recent article on the subject of Church Extension, says:

But my own judgment, after all, turns to the Loan Fund of the Society as its great feature for time to come. It is better, as a general rule, to lend aid than to give it. It is much better that a church, growing rapidly, yet unable to erect the church edifice needed, to borrow for a term of years, at a low rate of interest, or without interest, and to repay that when the days of prosperity come, that it may help some other church in its struggles, than to bury it in the grave of brick and mortar, or the coffin of woodwork. A gift helps one church—a loan goes on helping churches to the end of time.

Such a fund can only be created by grants, donations and bequests from persons of means; it cannot be from the annual collections. It is matter for gratitude that the attention of some generous spirits is turned this way, and the West has the honor of leading. Mr. David McWilliams, of Dwight, Ill., not a man of large wealth, after giving this subject his spontaneous, prayerful consideration, has made the generous proposition to give, for the Loan Fund, one thousand dollars annually for ten years! Bishop Ames, learning at Mazomanie, Wisconsin, that Bro. McWilliams was considering this question, telegraphed me, through Dr. Kynett, that he would join him in the proposition. Layman and Bishop thus agree.

Bishop Ames knows the worth and wants of the Society; knows what a generous loan would do at a few important centres, and meets, by lightning, the proposition of the layman. The church has one hundred men and women able to do this same thing, and thus fund of one million would be created. One hundred more could give \$500, annually for ten years; another hundred could give \$250, for the same time, while a thousand ought to be easily found to give \$100 each year for a decade.

Church Records.

Carefully kept church records are not only valuable as historic documents, but the evidence of church membership, official standing, and of marriages, is always important and often of special value. Legal questions and claims are sometimes determined by evidence derived from this source.

The excellent set of books for this purpose published by our Book Concern leaves the preachers without reasonable apology for serious defects in this part of their work. The price of these books is considered by some higher than it should be. A little modification in the plan and style, and the omission of some things not essential, would considerably reduce the cost, and remove one obstacle to their coming into general use.

No. 3, price \$5.00, is sufficient for any society of not more than two hundred members. The "class records" embraced in this volume occupy 64 pages. This might be entirely dispensed with, and the "alphabetical record of members in full connection" increased to 60 pages instead of 48 pages. The classes are liable to frequent changes and reconstructions; their record is liable to irregularity and is of no importance for permanent preservation. It would therefore be better to keep the record of the classes in a small book separately. With this change No. 3 might be afforded for about \$3.00.

Our church records are generally kept in a careless and un-business-like manner; blots, erasures, deficient dates, Christian names indicated by initials, and important items omitted, are the prevailing faults in these important church documents. Our itinerant superintendence provides the means of correcting this irregularity. Though it is the duty of presiding elders to inquire, in the Quarterly Conference, if the "church records are properly kept," the writer has never known one of these respected functionaries to press the inquiry to a personal examination. This whole business is left very much at loose ends. A thorough personal inspection by the presiding elder, or some thorough business layman, to report in the Quarterly Conference, would in a great measure remedy this wide-spread looseness. Our presiding elders will probably take no offense at the suggestion that this part of their official work may be done more efficiently. The preacher who is negligent in this matter deserves reproof.

A.

Maine Conference.

The enclosed resolutions were adopted at the recent Ministerial Association of the preachers of Maine Conference, Gardner District, held at Durham, Me.

G. W. BALLOU, Secretary.

Resolved, 1. That in the judgment of this Association the rural portions of our country, at least of the Maine Conference, are greatly suffering for want of Christian privileges, and that a more thorough supply of ministerial service in this part of our work is highly important to the welfare of Methodism, and that some indication of our present plan of operation is required to meet the wants of this necessary portion of our work.

2. That we recommend to the Presiding Elders and the appointing authority of the church to consider the propriety of so arranging our itinerant work that these waste places may become missionary circuits, and we also recommend the appropriation of missionary funds to such circuits rather than to old and feeble stations which do not afford promise of soon becoming self-sustaining.

3. That the formation of small stations near to each other, and the erection of houses of worship where there is no reasonable probability that the societies occupying them will soon grow to self-sustaining condition, tends to the discouragement and weakness, rather than to the strength of our cause, and should not be encouraged.

FROM VIRGINIA.—The N. Y. Advocate publishes a letter from Rev. T. H. Haynes, pastor of the M. E. Church, Portsmouth, Va., which conveys the following gratifying intelligence:

We have a membership of over one hundred, and a flourishing Sunday School of about one hundred and sixty. Our place of worship is a temperance hall, which will accommodate three hundred and fifty or four hundred persons. This is sometimes overflowed, but the people will not go to such a place of worship like they will to a church. We have lately bought a fine lot 60 by 121 feet, and secured the title to the M. E. Church, and are making arrangements to lay the corner-stone next spring. O for more money! We are now in the midst of a successful and refreshing revival. Mourning nightly cling to the altar, souls are converted, young converts join the church,

and the old members feel happy and shout. A good, comfortable church, under the blessing of God, is what we now mostly need to put us on an equal footing with other denominations.

Our SOUTHERN WORK.—The following table gives a comparative view of our work in the South for the past two years. It is certainly gratifying to know that in spite of the most determined opposition the church is moving on:

	1868.	1867.	Increase.
Alabama,	11,554	9,209	2,345
Georgia,	15,124	10,613	4,511
Holston,	25,730	23,720	2,010
Tennessee,	9,474	6,016	3,458
Mississippi,	16,161	7,899	8,262
South Carolina,	18,200	9,668	8,532
Texas,	3,391	1,584	1,807
Virginia and North Carolina,	2,756	671	2,085
	102,393	69,380	33,013

These figures show a net gain in the membership in these Conferences during the last year of nearly forty-eight per cent.

ALABAMA CONFERENCE.—The annual session was held at Murphree's Valley, commencing on Thursday, October 22, and closing on the following Saturday. Bishop Clark presided. Fifteen preachers were received on trial. None of the preachers were returned located, withdrawn, deceased or supernumerary. Only one (Rev. J. B. F. Hill) was returned supernumerary. The work was divided into six districts, and placed under presiding elders appointed at the Conference. The next session is to be held at Mount Hermon, Conecuh County, Alabama.

CURIOS STATISTICS OF THE N. H. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE.—The following summary of interesting items is gleaned from the Personal Statistics of eighty-nine of the members of the N. H. Annual Conference of the M. E. Church (most of whom are living) collected by Rev. John W. Adam.

Born. In New Hampshire 40; Vermont 29; Massachusetts 9; New York 6; Maine 7; Connecticut 2; New Jersey 1; Pennsylvania 1; Maryland 1; England 2.

Sons of ministers 2. Converted. Among Methodists 72; Congregationalists 5; Calvinist Baptists 3; Freewill Baptists 2; Christians 2; Presbyterians 1.

Baptized. In infancy 17.

Educated. Graduates from Wesleyan University 7; graduates from M. G. Biblical Institute 14; Partial course at college 7; Partial course at M. G. B. Institute 16; Academic advantages 39; Degrees conferred D. D. 2; A. M. 6; A. B. 2.

Ornained. Elders; by Bishop Soule 3; George 3; Roberts 3; Baker 6; McKendrie 1; Simpson 7; Scott 2; Morris 7; James 8; Ames 7; Waugh 5; Asbury 1; Hamline 3; Hedding 12; Emory 2; Kingsley 4.

Presiding Elders. The number who have held the office is 18.

General Conference. The number who have been sent at different times is 16.

Superannuated. At different times 21.

Supernumerary. At different times 9.

Transferred. Either to or from the Conference 14.

Vocation. Previous to preaching there were farmers 30; teachers 16; students 1; lumbermen 1; millers 2; traders 2; operators 2; daguerrean artists 1; shoemakers 4; mechanics 6; manufacturers 1; cordwainers 2; mason 1; mariners 1; painters 2.

Public positions held. Members of Congress 2; members of State Legislature 1; chaplain Vermont Senate 1; chaplains State Legislature 4; chaplains United States Volunteers 6; colonels 2; majors 1; captains 2; lieutenants 5; chaplain State Prison 1; professor in college 1; State superintendent education 1; school commissioners 2; principals of Conference Seminaries 1; president Conference Seminaries 2; editors 2; selectmen 2; justices 4.

Married. Once, 67; twice, 12; thrice 3.

CHICOOPEE FALLS.—Rev. E. W. Virgin writes: "There seems to be some increase of religious interest in our church in Chicopee Falls. Ten persons have recently been baptized, including one at Hatfield Camp Meeting, and several have joined the church in full connection."

VICTORY FOR WILBRAHAM ACADEMY.—All the friends of old Wilbraham Academy and its indomitable and efficient Princepal, Dr. Edward Cooke, will be happy to learn that the long pending lawsuit between that institution and the town of Wilbraham has at length been settled by the judgment of the Supreme Court in favor of the Academy. The town not only loses its claim of tax on the farm, stock, etc., but it has to refund all that it has hitherto assessed. What the town claimed was that the farm, etc., was outside the limits of the charter, and not used for educational purposes. This experiment has cost the town about a thousand dollars. They will take pride in their Seminary that makes their town beautiful and famous.

Rev. E. W. Parker writes: "Good reports come from India. Bro. Mansell writes on the mountains that 'there seems to be work opening up over our district,' but O how we are pushed for help! We must have more missionaries next year, or I fear the work will begin to fall back; and if it does the Board cannot make up by thousands of dollars what a few hundred might now save. Would it not be well for the church to heed this voice from India, now while they are arranging for their missionary collections? Bro. Mansell also writes that he has eight interesting candidates for baptism on his own charge, and that in other parts there is generally a favorable impression concerning Christianity among the people."

Bro. Parker requests us to state that he cannot accept any more invitations to assist at missionary meetings before the middle of February, as all his time is taken up until then.

CANADIAN WESLEYAN MINISTERIAL TRAINING.—A movement is on foot among the Canadian Wesleyans to raise a subscription fund of \$100,000 for the endowment of Victoria College, "with special provision for the general and theological training of candidates for the Christian ministry." Mr. Pushton is to devote to this work as much of his time as his other duties will permit. There is no doubt but this noble undertaking will be an entire success.

Rev. Joseph R. Brooks, of the St. Louis Conference of the M. E. Church, formerly editor of the Central, while traveling on the 23d ult., through a portion of Arkansas in company with Hon. James Hinds, Republican member of Congress was shot and seriously wounded by a member of the "Ku

Klux." Mr. Hinds was fatally wounded, living only about two hours. The assassin of course escaped.

Ground was recently broken for the new Simpson M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, Rev. George Lansing Taylor, pastor.

The corner-stone of the New Jersey Conference Seminary, at Vineland, N. J., will be laid, with appropriate services, on Wednesday November 18th, 1868. Rev. Bishop Simpson, D. D., will officiate on the occasion, and deliver an address. Rev. John McClintock, of Drew Theological Seminary; Hon. James Bishop, of New Brunswick; C. Walsh, esq., of Newark, with other eminent ministers and laymen, are expected to be present and take part in the services.—Methodist.

PERSONAL.

Wm. C. Brown, esq., has been re-elected for the fourth term of five years as Register of Deeds for Suffolk County. It speaks well for the earlier editors of THE HERALD when one of them has long been a Judge in Portland, and the other in a kindred office in Boston. Mr. Brown's office is one of great importance. Deeds going back to 1633 are on his shelves. He has had all the old volumes rebound, and intends to have the mass of documents of hundreds of years all filed and labeled. He is a very popular officer, and evinces as great interest in THE HERALD as when he was its editor. Few men of his years have so broad views, and progressive spirit. He has evidently drunk of the fountain of immortal youth, and will be young forever.

Geo. L. Brown's studio has been changed from 312 Broadway, South Boston, to Third Street, 31 door from G Street. We hope every one occupying a nice house, or if he is in an humbler dwelling, and wishes for one of the best of pictures to make his one of the best of houses, will give him a call.

Henry Gwinn, a mulatto, who married a white teacher in the Berkeley Street Sunday School in this city, two or three years ago, with some ceremony, has made speeches for Seymour and Blair in Georgia, his native State. His wife, when she married him, is reported to have said that she had a husband capable of acting as porter in a store, or as a member of Congress. Possibly he will come back as the representative of the Southern chivalry, to whom, judging from his complexion, he is nearly akin.

This item has an index value at the present time. His politics are much worse than his skin. He will have to change them before he gets fit to go to Congress, even if his white Georgians should make him their representative.

The funeral of Rev. George D. Strout, long and favorably known in Maine, was attended at Pittston, East Maine Conference, on the 27th ult., conducted by Rev. Charles B. Dunn, P. E., assisted by preachers from East Maine and Maine Conferences.

Rev. E. H. Hatfield will deliver his popular lecture to lyceums, or other organizations wanting something of the kind. The subject of the lecture is "Thought." His address is Woonsocket, R. I.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper has returned from the South. She is a very pleasant lecturer, and will be happy to make engagements. She has a poem entitled "Moses," and a lecture on "Our New Citizens," detailing Southern experiences. Rev. Mr. Furber, of Wilbraham, thus commends her:

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper delivered a poem upon "Moses" in Wilbraham to a large and delighted audience. She is a woman of high moral tone, with superior native powers highly cultivated, and a captivating eloquence that holds her audience in rapt attention from the beginning to the close. She will delight any intelligent audience, and those who wish first-class lectures cannot do better than to secure her services. Her address is 16 Blossom St., Boston.

Rev. Phineas Stowe, well known in Boston as the Baptist preacher to seamen, and for his unwearied labors in many good causes, has been placed in the McLean Asylum for the Insane. We hope and pray that this affliction may be only temporary.

Rev. Henry F. Lawrence, a Baptist minister, was killed in Boston, last week, by the fall of a stove cover on his head from a wagon load of furniture that was passing him.

Rev. J. V. Knowles, of Peabody, made an address at the anniversary of the Pierson Light Infantry Association, a war company association, which is published in *The Peabody Press*. It was highly applauded. In it he relates this incident:

The battle of Ball's Bluff was fearfully disastrous and sanguinary. Our troops were hurled back into the river and their struggling masses pelted with the pitiless hail of rebel bullets. But few reached their camp. The next morning a Massachusetts Colonel drew up the remnant of his regiment in line. The havoc had been terrible. Advancing to the front he said in substance: "Men of Massachusetts! with the recollection of these fearful gaps in your ranks—I ask you, will you march against the enemy to-morrow? Will you march against the enemy now?" And a simultaneous *aye* thundered along the line. Such a spirit could not but conquer.

Thus happily he describes the *aye*:

For every thread of that flag that went down on Sumter's walls, there went up from spire and staff and hilltop a thousand star spangled banners to tell of the nation's life. As I gaze upon its folds I see a deeper stain than even its crimson bars; it is the glorious heraldry of liberty—the deep rich stain of patriot blood. What glorious promise gleams from that flag! Its red is the rosy morning of freedom's universal day—it is white, Heaven's white lightnings of wrath flashing destruction to traitors, and its stars, stars of hope! On the night of Israel's bondage one star arose—the Star of Bethlehem—on the night of the down trodden millions of earth, thirty-seven stars of hope shine from that field of blue; and as the morning stars sang together at Creation's birth, so they chant together in the ears of all the glorious anthem of universal freedom.

Mr. J. C. Wheeler, for many years a prominent and efficient member of the Church Street Church, Boston, died suddenly of paralysis, last week, and was buried on the 6th. The funeral services, conducted by Rev. L. R. S. Brewster, were most impressive, and the occasion drew forth a crowded house, as the deceased was known and beloved by a large circle of friends and neighbors.

Read Rev. Mr. Sherman's article on changes in the Discipline, made by the last General Conference. It will be followed by others. No one is better able to give the desired analysis.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

NATIVE CHURCHES AMONG THE HEATHEN.—The *London Missionary Society*, in its last *Report*, speaks of the wonderful progress of the gospel among the native churches. It says: They differ in the outer form of their life from English churches. They differ in their knowledge, in the character of their excellencies, in the form of their defects. They differ in their experience of the truth, as they have had a varied history. But one heart and one mind are found within them all. It is the Bible which touches their feelings most deeply, which quickens their conscience, which inspires their richest joys. Everywhere they lead a pure life, they cultivate and practice mutual kindness, they are brought under public law. These things are not novelties in Christianity, but their daily recurrence in all our missions is the best testimony we can offer to the reality of our work.

JEWS EMBRACING CHRISTIANITY.—Fifteen years since there were but two or three families of converted Jews residing in Jerusalem, now there are about twenty-five households which have forsaken Judaism and embraced Christianity. Thus is God carrying on his work among the Jews in the city of their fathers.

EGYPT.—The American mission founded at Alexandria, in Egypt, in 1856—a city built by Alexander the Great, now numbers eight ordained missionaries, one printer, three female teachers, two native pastors, about forty native agents, and fourteen mission schools. The mission is prospering.

GERMANY.—Mr. Oncken, a missionary in Germany, writes, that since he began to sow God's truth as a youth of twenty-two in that country, millions have heard the name of Jesus, fully 50,000 sinners have been converted, of whom about one quarter had been Roman Catholics; ninety-three churches have been organized, and the work of God is prospering greatly.

IMPORTANT STATISTICS.—In the first century, the number of professed disciples of Christ is usually estimated at 500,000. In the fifth century at 15,000,000; in the tenth at 58,000,000, and in the eighteenth 200,000,000. The whole population of the globe is now put down at 1,000,000,000, and one third will cover the number of nominal Christians. The Director of the Statistical Department at Berlin, in its classification of the world's population, estimates nominal Christians at 25.77 per cent. There remaineth yet much land to be possessed. It would be well for Christians to carry these figures into their closets every day.

PRESBYTERIAN (O. S.) MISSIONS.—*The Christian Instructor* gives the following information respecting the missions of the O. S. Presbyterians:

The Board of Foreign Missions of this church have missions among the Jews and five Indians of this country; the Romanists of Brazil and the United States of Columbia; in Japan, China, Siam, among the Laos, and in India; in Liberia and Corsica in Africa. In these countries the Board has 79 foreign missionaries, 4 missionary physicians, 21 ordained native and licentiate preachers, 17 assistant missionaries from this country, besides the wives of the missionaries; native helpers, 184—or, in all, a force of 370. There are 44 organized churches, with a membership of over 1,600; to these, as far as reported, have been added the past year nearly 300 communicants. In the schools are 6,750 children. The receipts of the Board have been \$285,308; the expenditures, with the debt of last year of \$35,472, have been \$312,828, leaving a balance against the treasury of \$28,356. The gifts of the children of the church for this cause were unexampled in her history, amounting to \$45,340. The sum of \$50,700 has been expended for extra exchange.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.—The reports from the Wesleyan Missions during the past month are very encouraging. In northern Italy there are 414 members and 58 on trial, and 700 hearers. This is exclusive of the work in Naples and the South, as also of that at Florence and Pistoja, which places were unreported.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE TYNG CANON.—The following is the draft of the new canon which was referred to the Committee on Canons at the late Episcopal Convention:

Canon 11, Title 1.—No minister of this church, settled over any congregation or parish, or in temporary charge thereof, shall invite or permit any person not having had Episcopal ordination to officiate with him, or in his place or stead, on any occasion of public worship in the church or congregation over which he is settled or in charge.

Nor shall any such minister invite or permit to officiate, as aforesaid, any person ordained by a bishop not in communion with this church, unless he shall have been received as a minister of this church under canon 9 of title 1.

AN EPISCOPAL PREACHERS' MEETING.—We see that our Episcopal friends are taking a leaf out of our book by inaugurating a Monday morning preachers' meeting. *The Witness* has the following on the subject:

We again call attention to the clerical meeting which it is purposed to hold on Monday next, at twelve o'clock, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Church Missionary Society, at the chapel of Trinity Church, in Summer Street, and hereafter on the first Monday of every month, at the same hour. The purpose of these meetings is simple; it is to afford the clergy who are in Boston or the vicinity an opportunity of meeting, in this stated way, so far as they may desire it, for religious conversation and prayer. We have been requested to state that the meetings are to last precisely one hour; that they are to be presided over by the clergy in attendance in alphabetical rotation; and that the exercises of this specific hour are to be limited to the reading and exposition of selected portions of Scripture, and to prayer. It is hoped, however, that at the closing of the hour, those present will not disperse, but that an opportunity will be given, so far as is possible, for that informal, kindly intercourse so comforting to men engaged, often in distant and hard fields, in proclaiming the same glad tidings of salvation through our blessed Lord. We need not say that all clergymen who may in any way sympathize with this object will be cordially welcomed to these meetings.

AMERICA'S CRIME AGAINST AMERICANS.—During the recent session of the Episcopal General Convention, a number of missionary meetings were held, at one of which Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, made one of his eloquent and moving appeals in behalf of the Indians, many of whom are within the limits of his diocese, in which he stated that the history of

our relations with the Indians from the beginning to the end is such as to make every American blush for shame. For almost three centuries our nation has pursued a policy of extermination at untold expense of blood and treasure. To-day, forgetful of the past, the so-called civilized inhabitants of the United States are clamoring for the extermination of the red men. The poor savage has been plundered of his lands, cheated and abused in every way, and it is no wonder that now and then, when smarting under his wrongs, he blindly scores his vengeance upon the people of the border. The Indian question must be settled on principles of Christianity, or else a war will come of which our children's children will not see the end.

Congregationalist Church.

At the late meeting of the Middlesex South Conference in Assabet, much sympathy was expressed for the feeble church at Southville, which have recently lost their place of worship by fire; and a committee was appointed with reference to affording them aid in rebuilding, if deemed advisable. The sum of \$50 was raised at the meeting toward replacing the pulpit Bible and hymn-books. The Sabbath School library was also destroyed. This church is worthy of aid from any quarter.—*Congregationalist*.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT WATERBURY.—The Congregational Church at Waterbury has just bought a parsonage, at a cost of \$2,000. Within a year more than thirty members of the congregation at Waterbury, including several members of the church, have removed from that town.

Baptist Church.

BOSTON.—The cornerstone of the new church to be built for the Rowe Street Society was laid on the 31st ult. The building is situated at the corner of Clarendon and Montgomery Streets. It occupies a superb location, and one of the most central in Boston. The first floor is laid, and the walls are up some feet above it. The land on which the church stands cost some \$26,000, and the edifice itself about \$120,000 or \$125,000 more, making the total cost \$150,000.

DIED WHILE BEING BAPTIZED.—At a baptism, October 18, in the Platine river, four miles from St. Joseph, Missouri, the ordinance was administered to several persons, among whom was Mr. Stevens, of Third Fork. After being immersed, but while still in the river, he wiped his hands over his face a few times to free it of water, threw head and hands up, and fell backward in the water, whereupon his friends ran quickly in and took him out upon the bank, after which he died without a struggle. Physicians say that the sudden shock the immersion gave to his nervous system caused syncope and death.

THE MORAVIANS AND THE MISSION CAUSE.—These zealous Christians sustain 87 stations in 15 provinces. At these they employ 1,430 laborers, of whom more than 1,000 are native helpers. The number of adult converts received and baptized the past year is 32,227. To carry on this work the churches have given the Board, directly, 105,518 (German) dollars, and, in addition to this the missions have received, from other sources, \$212,000, so that the entire amount contributed to their support has been over \$320,000 (German) dollars.

All this has been accomplished by 87 churches, with an aggregate membership of 12,957 communicants. Of these churches 34 are located in this country, 37 in Great Britain, and 10 on the European continent.

THE SOUTHERNERS IN BRAZIL.—Rev. A. L. Blackford, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.), who has been laboring for a number of years in Brazil, says in the course of a letter dated Rio de Janeiro, July 22d, that there is great need of missionary labor among the colonists who have sought a home there from the Southern States. Several clergymen however are already there, viz: Rev. Mr. Emerson, formerly of Mississippi; Rev. Mr. Baird, of South Carolina (who arrived on the 20th of July), and the Rev. Mr. Harvey, who is in the Amazon region. Mr. Blackford says that there is not a single settlement of Americans, so far as he knows, where the gospel is stately preached! This does not promise well, even for their own households, to say nothing of their influence upon the native population of Brazil.

Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, has been visiting in the Northeastern British Provinces. At St. John he was entertained by one of the prominent gentlemen, who gave a "reception" for Mr. Barnes. The clergy were represented by three ministers of the Church of England, two of the Church of Scotland, three of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Province, and one of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, two or three Wesleyans, three Baptists, and one Congregationalist. The laity were as fully represented, though not in the same denominational proportions. Mr. Barnes made an admirable address, in which he spoke of the way in which he had been led to write his *Commentaries*. Others spoke, testifying to their great respect for the venerable author.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, said recently in the introduction to his sermon: "It has been sometimes debated whether practical, experimental or doctrinal preaching was the best kind and the most useful. He should not enter into the discussion of the question, but he might say that in exclusively doctrinal preachers he had observed a tendency to dispute and quarrel; in experimental preachers a tendency to disparage and judge others; whilst those who had been practical had degenerated into legalism, and the grace of God had evaporated. The very best preaching was that which had most of Jesus Christ in it, for it gathered up the excellencies of the three classes he had mentioned into one person; since for practice Christ was the way for doctrine Christ was the truth, and for experience Christ was the life."

MR. MARTINEAU'S ANSWER TO THE INVITATION OF THE UNITARIAN NATIONAL CONFERENCE.—The roving habits of our time seem to baffle the directness and assiduity of your correspondence. Only on my return from Scotland for the opening of our college session last Monday, did your second letter (of Sept. 9th) reach me. I am deeply gratified by the trust which the council of your National Conference was willing to repose in me; and if time and space had nothing to say in the arrangements of life, and no leave had to be asked except of the innocence and earnestness of one's desires, I should accept, with delight and gratitude, the invitation so warmly renewed. But my annual vacation is too short, and the Atlantic too wide, for them to come to terms on my behalf and grant me the needful leave of absence. The college, which is under the charge of only three professors, absolutely requires the presence of them all during terms, and especially at the close and opening of the session; so that neither in June, nor in October, nor indeed in any weeks practicable for public engagements, am I at my own disposal for duties assigned to me at a distance. As years advance upon Mr. Taylor and myself, we can the less take liberties with one another's energies, and our partnership must be more and more unbroken. I can only pray you, therefore, to express my warm and grateful acknowledgments of the friendly honor designed for me; and acquiesce, as I best can, in my inability to avail myself of it. For the clearness and shadiness of my decision it is, perhaps, a happy, though a mortifying accident that it had not been formed in presence of the persuasive fascinations of our accomplished friend, Dr. Bellows.

Believe me ever, yours most truly,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. by Horace Greeley. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Boston: H. A. Brown & Co.

Few lives have been busier than Mr. Greeley's; few busier to better results. There are a busy idleness and busy iniquity. No such charges lie against him. He has eat the bread of honest and virtuous industry. There are lives of public men full of harmful activities, his has been full of helpful energy. His work has been for the elevation of mankind, for the planting of two blades of grass where one grew before. Born like the mass of mankind to no fortune save himself, in himself unlike the mass of men, he found a great fortune. The son of a New England farmer, whose "hut was on the cold hillside," of feeble health, learning the printer's trade, with an instinct of his life-work such as all great men seem to possess, he pushed his boy's shallop out into the stormy sea of New York life. At twenty-one he entered the city, and at twenty-two was in business for himself, refused credit for forty dollars worth of type in one house, rightly he says, had it granted him in another which has since received from him \$50,000, as a fruit of that confidence. How he gradually worked up by intense energy and talent, his life well tells. His political history and that of his times is also largely intermingled with his personal. He states his views on social problems yet unsettled, describes his various losses and successes as farmer, publisher and politician. He is always self-contained, knows what he is about, never "slops over." His views are not always trustworthy, but he is. He is as free to blame as to censure, condemning the parsimony of Congress in its treatment of Mr. Lincoln's family, a very mean act, which he hopes may yet be changed. It should be. The balance of the \$100,000 should be paid them with interest. How England would have lavished her treasures on Victoria. The widow and children of the martyred President should be treated with equal generosity. President Grant will secure this justice we trust. The work will be a stimulus to every young man. Read and imitate, not by copying it, but by a like faithful development of your own powers. Make Christ more distinctively your aim than has he, but make humanity none the less your aim. The life should be in the hands of every youth and every brave faithful soul.

THE TIM BUNKER PAPERS, OR YANKEE FARMING. Orange Judd & Co., New York.

Tim Bunker is a Yankee farmer of homely phrase, shrewd, honest, with a fund of sound common sense more frequently to be found in books than in life. He writes in a way to interest and profit every farmer—mistakes and follies of every day occurrence are pointed out plainly, and what is more unusual, a better way is made so plain that one unacquainted with agriculture may understand it; a quality not often found in works on this subject. The illustrations, by Hopper, are capital.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL. by Andrew P. Peabody (Hurd & Houghton), is one of those pleasant books that the unceasing stream of travel does not seem to exhaust. The time may come when Europe will be as unpainted by American travelers as a trip to Boston by a New Yorker is now. But that time is not yet. Dr. Peabody gives the familiar route in a pleasant style, and mingles with the sights fresh thoughts of his own. His reflections on art are devout, and in excellent taste. On another page will be found a fine extract. We commend this to all who like to look at their gallery of European memories or hopes.

Three Beautiful Gift Books appear this week from the press of Ticknor & Fields: Locksley Hall, Palmer's Poems of Compliment and Courtship, and Dickens' Christmas Carol. They are in this order of excellence, in appearance, not in worth. "Locksley Hall," the beginning of Tennyson's strength, is illustrated by Hennessy. We cannot praise many of its pictures. The style of this artist is beclouded, gray, colorless and pointless, while that of the poem is exceedingly sharp, clear and brilliant. The hero and heroine have no marked character, the walk is tame in scenery and persons, the equalized savage is altogether too equalized and too savage for even a gifted poet to become enamored of. The smoky London, "flaming in a dreary dawn" is better rendered, and the lion watching

"One that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire," is exceedingly well conceived. Their watching of the ships is good. The volume will be prized by all lovers of the great bard, especially those who remember when he first broke upon the ear with this trumpet note. Palmer's collection of love poems is beautifully illustrated by a half dozen bits of pictures, that are of the tinted illustration resembling photographs. Every lover or loved, however old, will enjoy this sweet reminder of the days of their courtship, that never end in every true love. The pictures are very beautiful, as are the poems. *The Christmas Carol* is one of the best books of American illustrations ever published. Mr. Eytinge has outdone himself. His smaller illustrations of the Diamond Dickens showed rare appreciation of his characters and power of reproducing them. This page gives him a chance of expressing himself. He has proved himself worthy of his opportunity. No Dickens was ever so sumptuously set forth. "Scrooge" is well conceived, "Tiny Tim" charming; all the other characters are natural, and the scenes as striking as the text. This is by far the best of Dickens' stories, and is fittingly married. The holidays ought to make it blossom on thousands of Christmas trees.

The Whole Bible, is the title of a sermon preached at the Fifteenth Anniversary of the Monmouth County Bible Society, N. J., by Rev. Dr. Westwood, then of Princeton, now of Omaha. It is a vigorous production, showing large culture in books and thought. It defends the Bible against Romanist, skeptic, and that hardly less dangerous, though usually but not always more orthodox class, who patronizingly eviscerate it by their irrational and unscriptural formula of inspiration. He condenses the whole debate into a powerful paragraph:

We must recognize the fact that the conflict between Christianity and infidelity must be settled just here. We must claim that all scripture is given by inspiration. That believing the soul rests, for the testimony of the Lord is sure." Then we can see the relation of the natural to the supernatural, and how intimately is the atonement of Christ related to us.

Any concession is dangerous. The great General of our armies told me one summer evening, while sitting with him in the door of his tent, before Petersburg, a full year before the close of the rebellion, that he expected nothing less than its overthrow, and the complete triumph of the Government. "I shall hold my ground," said he "upon this line." So we must hold our ground firmly, and in the fear of God, upon this line—the Whole Bible. While we say to one wing of the enemy, "you shall not cumber us with your heathenish customs," we must, with equal determination, say to the other—"you shall not take from us any of our strength." I repeat it—we must cling to the whole Bible. I know that the geologist plants his rock upon it, and asks me if that does not crush it. I tell him—"No." Let him wait until his system is as old as the Bible, and then, if it be as firm as the Rock of Ages, and promise me as much help as David found when the whelming waters overflowed him, I may wonder if his rock is not as our rock. The reviler of miracles may tell me of his experiments in animal magnetism, and ask me if they do not convince me. I will tell him that when they equal in power the manifestation of the Spirit of God, I may pay some heed to them. The preacher of "liberal" Christianity may approach me with his twaddle about the dignity of the intellect, and the danger of fettering it. When he can show me that he is Christ's freeman, made such by supernatural power, I will listen to him. Ah! he cannot, for they only are free, whom the truth makes free. The church, in some of its branches, may adopt strange ways. It may run toward rationalism, or toward rationalism, but I think I speak the sentiments of these jubilant Bible men of Monmouth, when I say—We will stand by the precious Book forever.

JUVENILES.—Three delightful little picture books in flexible covers, and of most flexible faces, come from Roberts Brothers. They are *Mischiefous John, Boasting Hector, Foolish Zoo*. They are chiefly pictorial illustrations of childhood, with a short description accompanying the ridiculous face. Good moral lessons are taught by not very moral countenances. They are among the most amusing, instructive and handsome of the juvenile holiday books. Other Children's Books crowd our table beyond all save numeration. *Freaks of Fortune*, and *Make or Break*, are two of Oliver Optic's love stories, which are of the usual sort, entertaining, but debilitating if taken in too frequent doses. *Bessie and Her Friends* (Carter & Bros.), is a religious tale of a rich, good girl, who took care of her poor friends. *The Little Spaniard* (Lee & Shepard), is one of May Mannerling's stories, which children like as well as they do candy. *Tom and Sarah Neal* (James S. Claxton, Philadelphia), is good for speculating ministers, so says a boy critic, who seems to know how ministers are tempted. *Jem Morrison* (same house) is a story of a gymnast. *Ursula's Girlhood* (J. S. Shelly & Co.) gives the life not of St. Ursula, nor her eleven thousand virgins. *How to Conquer* (James S. Claxton), is a good temperance story; how a girl saved a boy, and the other boys. It will be needed now-a-days. Four books come across the country before the Pacific Railroad from A. Roman & Co. of San Francisco and New York. *A Boy's Trip Across the Plains* is the best of the four, because it is the truest. It will soon be a thing of the past. It gives the incidents of that trip in a lively manner. *Fairy Tales from Gold Land*, two volumes, and *Ingle Nook*, are the rest of the series. *Cast away in the Cold* (Ticknor & Fields) is a higher order of tale, because Dr. Hayes in it gives real experiences of arctic life. The Esquimaux, dogs, walrus, seals, bears, ice and aurora animate these pages. It is a good book for Sunday Schools, to be read on week days. *King's Lily and Rosebud* (Ticknor & Fields) is a very good fairy story of two boys and girls who illustrated love, strength, wisdom and beauty in the ordinary style of all stories. *The Flower and the Star* (Ticknor & Fields) is a collection chiefly of old fairy stories new told. The illustrations are very pretty. *Margaret Russell's School* (Carter & Bros.), tells how a minister's daughter supported her mother after his death, and by school teaching, and what were her pains and pleasures in that life, and how she knew the way to bring the children to the Saviour. *Agate Stories*, are six little volumes from Carter & Bros., good and not true. *Pearl Stories* are six larger ones, from A. F. Graves, equally good, and equally not true. Of the books here noticed only one or two are made up carefully of real and valuable experiences, and not one is a perfect and entire truth. It is far otherwise with the rest of the book table.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.

Grape Growing. Within a very few years there has been great excitement concerning the profitability of grape growing at the North as well as elsewhere, and millions of grape vines have been sold, and many acres devoted to vineyards. Some of the more enthusiastic even went so far as to predict that grapes could be grown even in Massachusetts so abundantly that they would be within the reach of all for table use, and that there would be a large surplus of the fruit that could be used for making wine. We always felt great doubts about growing and ripening the grape successfully so far North, and for years set out only a very few vines in choice locations, to raise, if possible, a few grapes for our own eating. At last we yielded to the pressure when the talk was that the new and improved kinds would ripen every year, even at the North, and we planted some two acres with grapes, including all or nearly all the well-known kinds. Some of these vines have been planted, some six, some five, and the remainder four years, and we have had a pretty good chance to try the experiment of grape growing. One year only out of these have we had a good crop of well ripened grapes, and we have come to the conclusion that grape growing here for the market is poor business, and always will be. It is bad enough even if a crop could be secured every year, for when the crop is ready for the market, which is late, the market is flooded with this fruit from the West, and that too of a better quality than we can raise, and it is hard work to sell over six to ten cents a pound, at which prices we believe no man can raise this fruit and make it profitable. Then when we take into consideration the fact that two years out of three the grapes do not ripen so as to be fit for table use, and have to be

sold, if at all, for five cents a pound for wine-making, the prospect is certainly not encouraging. We know that we shall be charged with having changed our mind on this subject, and we confess it, though reluctantly, for we have a considerable sum invested in the business. It is claimed by many that grapes will pay better than any other crop at five cents a pound, and they attempt to prove it by showing how much one vine has yielded, and then multiply it by the number of vines that can be put on an acre, and the figures look large. This will not answer; take the crop of an acre of vines as it will average for five years together, and note the result. The truth is that we must have longer, warmer seasons, which we can hardly expect, or varieties that will mature earlier than any we now have. It is possible that we may in time get some such variety, but until we do, grape-growing will be a very uncertain business. We know that this is not the only fruit that is liable to ups and downs, for we well remember that for three or four years we have had very few apples, and yet we have not destroyed all our apple trees, and do not intend to do so. There will be favorable and unfavorable years for every species of fruit, and to get at proper estimates we must take the average results of several consecutive years. This we have endeavored to do, and we pronounce grape-growing at the North unprofitable, though we shall still hold on with part of our vines. At some future time we propose to give our experience with the different varieties we have cultivated.

A Good Yield. Mr. R. P. Gage, of Warehouse Point, Conn., writes us that he planted "on the 29th day of last May one pound of the Early Goodrich potatoes, the product of which was sixty-six and fifteen sixteenths pounds, or at the rate of thirty-seven hundred and forty-two pounds from every bushel of seed, or nearly sixty-seven bushels from one." This is a good yield, but not one fifth as large as was obtained by a gentleman the past season who planted the Early Rose potato. From thirteen ounces of seed potatoes two hundred and sixty-five pounds of very large tubers were obtained. This is well vouchsafed for, and we do not doubt the truth of the statement, for we saw the product. We can tell even a greater story than this, and one equally true: A friend of ours bought six pounds of the Early Rose potatoe last spring, and immediately cut them up into single eyes and put them into a propagating house to sprout, and when they had made sprouts an inch or so long, took them off and set them in small pots, and put the eyes back to start again. This process was repeated two or three times. When those set in the pots were two inches high or thereabouts, the tops were cut off and put into sand in the propagating house to strike root, and when they had well rooted, were potted, and so on, the operation being repeated through the season, and the plants set out in the field until *four and a half acres* were covered. It is true some of these were set out as late as the middle of August, yet they produced tubers as large as turkey's eggs. We cannot give the exact number of bushels raised from the six pounds of seed, but believe it to have been more than *two hundred*. We have never known this mode of treatment to be attempted with the potato, though it is the common method of propagating dahlias and some other plants. If any have obtained greater results let them say so.

Cabbages should be harvested now and set out in beds, and slightly covered with hay, seaweed, or something of the sort. As the weather becomes colder, cover deeper, but not so deep as to cause them to decay.

Decaying Leaves. Almost every farmer or fruit grower can obtain abundance of this from the woods usually so near at hand. It is quite an easy matter to harness up the team and cart and drive into the woods, and with hoe, rake and shovel, scrape up hundreds of loads of forest refuse. It is the very best of all mulches, as it is not only a protection, but contains the highest kind of fertilizing material, to be absorbed quickly by the plant.

Protecting Bulbs. There are many varieties of what are termed hardy bulbs, that will bloom much better than they usually do if protected in winter. A few inches of coarse litter, such as straw, hay, or cornstalks, will answer the purpose very well; but when these are applied before the ground freezes they help to keep the frost out, consequently mice and ground-moles find a very convenient harbor among the bulbs. We have paid pretty dearly for our experience in these matters, and wish that others should profit by our loss. We allow the ground to freeze two or three inches deep before applying the winter protection, and by so doing we do not furnish a retreat for vermin. When the ground begins to freeze field mice look about for a warm location, and if a bed of choice bulbs offers such a place they are pretty sure to find it. As it is not the freezing that usually injures half-tender bulbs, but the alternate freezing and thawing; consequently, when the ground once becomes frozen it is an object to keep it so; and there will be but little danger of the bulbs being injured. We have found that many of the choice varieties of hyacinths, tulips, and narcissus are often injured in winter if left unprotected, therefore it is an object to cover them if it can be safely done. But where there are ground-moles or field mice, great care must be given, or these pests will destroy as fast as one can plant.—*Horticulturist Recorder*.

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

REV. G. W. T. ROGERS, of the New England Conference, died in Salem, N. H., Oct. 3.

His disease was enlargement of the heart. For the past two years he has held a supernumerary relation to the Conference on account of failing health. Early last summer he was so enfeebled that he was confined to the house, and as weeks passed away he gradually went down to death, ending his days on the above date in his own son's house, with his wife and only child by his side.

He sought and found the forgiveness of his sins before either his father or mother had given themselves to the Saviour. It was his custom to ask a blessing at the family table and to offer prayer at the family devotions with unsaved parents, until through these pious services and his godly example they were both smitten with conviction and bowed to God and were saved from their wanderings.

After having served the church as a class leader and a licensed exhorter, he was received into the New Hampshire Conference in 1843, and received his first appointment at South Newmarket. This step was taken at pecuniary sacri-

fice, for he was in a profitable business when called of God to the work of the ministry, but he left all and followed the Saviour.

During the last days of his sickness he said, "I used to feel sorry at times that I entered the ministry when passing under clouds. I have chided myself for leaving my business to enter the work, but as I near the river I can say, 'Tell my brethren that I am not sorry, no, I am glad that I have preached the gospel.' If I was able I would like to stand out in the road this morning, with a crowd of hearers before me and cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.'"

His was a fruitful ministry. Here and there along the twenty-five years he spent in the office, souls were saved under his labors. He has recorded with his own hand, that in the autumn of 1851, when stationed at Chichester, he witnessed the conversion of between fifty and sixty souls. God crowned his labors, and made him a blessing to his race.

He was a man of faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these was his charity. He believed in Christ as his Saviour, and in the Bible as his book. He had a good hope of heaven all through his sickness, and when two weeks before he died he was told that his father was dead, he turned to his friends and said in a calm tone of voice, "I expect to meet my father and mother both in the better land. They have gone a little before me, and I want you all to join us there, and we'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan." His love for God, his fellow men, and every good cause, was a prominent feature of his life. He loved the Saviour to the end. The last word of Christian experience he uttered was, when he was sinking in death he was asked, "Bro. Rogers, is the Saviour precious this morning?" with dying breath he said, "Yes, yes."

Thus there has passed into the heavenly world a just spirit to be forever with the Lord. They who knew him through life will say he was a righteous man. We who saw him die can say he died the righteous man's death.

Salem, N. H., Oct. 19, 1868.

THEO. L. FLOOD.

The most remarkable exhibition of the sustaining power of divine grace in the hour of suffering we ever witnessed, was in the case of MRS. HANNAH B. JACKSON, who passed from the scenes of this life on the 29th of last July.

On the 9th of February a white swelling was removed from her knee, and from that time to the day of her decease, 160 days, she was removed from her bed but six times. In those seasons of extreme pain peculiar to her illness, while her tears flowed like rain, she would frequently remark, "I hope and pray that I may have patience to wait God's time." On Sabbath evening before her departure, on Wednesday, to a friend she remarked, "I long for my Redeemer to call me to himself; but I hope he will give me strength of patience to wait till he come." As the hour of dissolution drew on, her pains appeared to be intensified to such a degree that for hours her groaning could be heard in all parts of the house. As the afflicted family, mute with grief, witnessed the fearful death-throes, she with tearless eyes, and soul serene, spoke of the glories of her home above. To her companion she said, while her countenance seemed illumined with a joy not of earth, "I see my Saviour; with him is your mother, and a great many people; but not every one is there." To the last moment reason was clear. Her prayer was heard; his grace was sufficient; patience was given her to wait without a murmur till the Redeemer came, and took her weary soul to his mansions of eternal rest.

O. B. R.

South Paris, Me., Oct. 16.

MRS. ELIZA J. K. BIRD passed to the better land March 28th. A little more than eleven years ago Sister Bird gave her heart to the Saviour. As the parting moment came, without a murmur or a fear she entered her rest, at the early age of 22.

O. B. R.

South Paris, Me., Oct. 16.

SISTER MELISSA PHIPPS, wife of Bro. Moses Phipps, died in the triumphs of faith, Sept. 5, aged 41 years. Both were converted in 1835, and have been identified with the M. E. Church in this place since its organization, the year following, not only by name, but in labors of love. Sister Phipps "did what she could" for the Master when in health, and when confined to the house, and even to her bed by disease, she continued to present Christ and his claims upon the attention of all who called to see her, at times even inviting in her neighbors for this purpose. It may be said of her emphatically that she only "ceased to labor when she ceased to live."

Oxford, Mass. I. S. CUSHMAN.

REV. JAMES W. BRAMBLEY died in Bellows Falls, Vt., Aug. 10th, 1868.

He was born in Andes, N. Y., September 1834, where he was converted at the age of eighteen. From that day till his death his spiritual life was a constant growth, a ripening for eternity. Struggling against untoward circumstances, earnestly devoted to study, impelled by a high resolve to live for a purpose, he fitted for college and entered the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1858, and graduated in the class of 1861. Feeling that his inclinations and sense of duty led him to the ministry of the Gospel, he received a license to preach Feb. 18, 1861, and soon entered ardently into the sacred work. After laboring temporarily, and with uncommon success, as a teacher, to cancel educational debts, he joined the N. Y. E. Conference in 1864, and received appointments successively at West Redding and Nichols' Farms, Conn. His arduous and faithful labors in these charges, specially as pastor, were too much for his enfeebled system to endure, and the third year he unwillingly received a location.

Seeking recuperation through travel and change of climate, he seemed to find great improvement, and in the spring of the present year he thought he was able to preach again, and being advised to go to Vermont on account of the pure mountain air, he received and accepted the appointment at Bellows Falls. For several weeks his health seemed visibly to improve, inspiring hopes of a perfect restoration; but suddenly to himself and others, the strong hand of disease laid him upon his bed, from which in one short week his spirit rose to the mansions of God. Perfectly conscious to the last, calmly, unmurmuringly making all arrangements for his funeral, leaving testimonies and requests for his church and family and friends, saying, "I am ready, and all will be well," in the early morning of Aug. 10th he passed the death-flood in triumph.

He lies buried in the Mortimer Cemetery at Middletown, Conn. Pure minded, warm hearted, conscientiously devoted to his work, he sleeps well. He leaves a wife and two children, whose loss is immeasurable, inexpressible. May the fullest blessings of God's fullest grace be their support in this their great bereavement.

WILLIAM D. BRIDGE.

MR. FRANKLIN CHILDS died in Weston, Mass., May 23, aged 53. He was converted, and joined the church in 1850.

From the beginning he consecrated himself to God and his service, and during a period of thirty-eight years he literally "stood up for Jesus." He filled the office of trustee, steward and class leader, with faithfulness and ability. He was an affectionate husband, a good father and faithful friend. His last sickness was protracted, and painful in the extreme, depriving him of reason, and he passed away without recognizing the friends gathered at his bedside. He has gone to dwell in the "beautiful world," which was his constant delight to talk and sing about. The bereaved family "mourn not as those without hope," for they have often rejoiced together in the love of the same blessed Jesus, and expect, ere long, to meet around his throne an unbroken band.

E. F. C.

